

Edward THE Broderick

WORKS,

Mary — IN Dray —

VERSE AND PROSE,

O F Miles

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

—“ His ego longos

“ Cantando puerum memini me condere soles.” *Virg.*

VOLUME SECOND.

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ESSAYS

ON

MEN AND MANNERS.

"Every single observation that is published by a man of
"genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of
"importance; because he speaks from his own im-
"pressions; whereas common men publish common
"things, which they perhaps gleaned from frivolous
"writers." *Essay on Writing and Books, No. LXIV.*

2-2-54
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

It is not unanxious to confess the several
 biologists that people make when they come
 in the world. It is taken for granted
 that, on every publication, there is at least a seem-
 ing violation of models; a presumption, on the
 writer's part, that he is able to instruct or to enter-
 tain the world; which makes a supposition that he
 can communicate what they cannot draw from their

To remove any difficulty this might occasion, has been the general manner of practice. Some we find

O N
P U B L I C A T I O N S.

TIS not unamusing to consider the several apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that, on every publication, there is at least a seeming violation of modesty; a presumption, on the writer's side, that he is able to instruct or to entertain the world; which implies a supposition that he can communicate what they cannot draw from their own reflections.

To remove any prejudice this might occasion, has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely solicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader; addressing him by the most tender and endearing appellations. He is in general styled the most loving, candid, and courteous creature that ever breathed; with a view, doubtless, that he will deserve the compliment, and that his favour may be secured at the expence of his better judgment. Mean and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and adventures of a composition; the danger of an imperfect and surreptitious publication; the pressing and indiscreet instances of friends; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance; with the irresistible commands of persons in high life; have been excuses often substituted in place of the real motives, vanity and hunger.

The most allowable reasons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amusement of

our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man possessed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his own private use, than the mean-spirited miser, that did the same by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates! the former enjoys his treasures, even while he renders others the better for them. A composition that enters the world with a view of improving or amusing it (I mean only amusing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.

When a writer's private interest appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a large scope for accusation, if he be a sufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be said to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be disappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other cases, to make the worst of a bad bargain.

When the love of fame acts upon a man of genius, the case appears to stand thus. The generality of the world, distinguished by the name of readers, observe with a reluctance not unnatural, a person raising himself above them. All men have some desire of fame, and fame is grounded on comparison. Every one then is somewhat inclined to dispute his title to a superiority, and to disallow his pretensions upon the discovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the person he enlightens; but it is plain, he renders the opacity of the other more discernible.—Examination, however, is a sort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, though a writer be a while detain'd, and part with a

trifle from his pocket, he finds in return a more commodious and easy road to the temple.

When, therefore, a man is conscious of ability to serve his country, or believes himself possessed of it, (for there is no previous test on this occasion), he has no room to hesitate, or need to make apology—When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a penny-worth for his penny, and has reason to asperse his honesty, if he finds himself deceived—Also, that it is possible to publish a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of such mercenary people.—When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably lose in point of modesty; otherwise, we should be censured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depress our character while we strive to raise it.

After all, there is a propensity in some to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more sanguine of these employ the press; the less lively are contented with being impertinent in conversation.

On the TEST of POPULAR OPINION.

I HAPPEN to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier, and an academic.

Says the citizen, I am told continually of taste, refinement and politeness; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landscape, a building, or a play, that has charms for the critic exclusive of the mechanic. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their natural relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them. That mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseur. But they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge, in most respects, allowedly more genteel than that of the operator.

Says the courtier, I cannot answer for every individual instance: but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the skill of their superiors: and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves.

It is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do. But then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

It is the same with regard to the appetite from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. "Such a soup or ollio, say they, is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it."

But in poetry, for instance, it is urged, that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading.

Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper counterparts. Their beauty, of consequence, is like a picture to a blind man.

How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history; and let me add, these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them.

I might launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions—What I have said may exclude their infallibility; and it is my opinion they are seldom right.

The academic spoke little, but to the purpose; asserting, that all ranks and stations have their different spheres of judging: That a clown of native taste enough to relish Handel's Messiah, might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more: That an author, before he prints, should not flatter himself with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite; few things, in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree: That he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty sure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may escape the organs of such readers; but he will have a chance for such ap-

plause as will more sensibly affect him. Let a writer then, in his first performances, neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applause entirely: Let him address him to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His first appearance on the stage of letters will engross the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.

On allowing MERIT in OTHERS.

A CERTAIN gentleman was expressing himself as follows,

I confess I have no great taste for poetry; but, if I had, I am apt to believe I should read no other poetry than that of Mr Pope. The rest but barely arrive at a mediocrity in their art; and, to be sure, poetry of that stamp can afford but slender pleasure.

I know not, says another, what may be the gentleman's motive to give this opinion: but I am persuaded, numbers pretend the same through mere jealousy or envy.

A reader considers an author, as one who lays claim to a superior genius. He is ever inclined to dispute it, because, if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at least one superior the less. Now though a man's absolute merit may not depend upon the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to pursue the single point of admitting no more into the class of superiors, than it is impossible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would soon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr Pope had been refused his honours, but that the very constraint, and even absurdity, of people's shutting their eyes, grew as disagreeable to them, as that excellence, which, when open, they could not but discover.

But self-love obtains its wishes in another respect also. It hereby not only depresses the characters of many that have wrote, but stifles the genius of such as might hereafter rise from amongst our inferiors.

Let us not deny to Mr Pope the praises which a person enamoured of poetry would bestow on one

that excelled in it: but let us consider Parnassus rather as a republic than a monarchy; where, although some may be in possession of a more cultivated spot, yet others may possess land as fruitful, upon equal cultivation.

On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the soil, and the extent of its fertility, must remain undiscovered, if the gentleman's desponding principle should meet with approbation.

Mr Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term consolidating or condensing sentences, yet preserving ease and perspicuity. In smoothness of verse, perhaps, he has been equalled: in regard to invention, excelled.

Add to this, if the writers of antiquity may be esteemed our truest models, Mr Pope is much more witty and less simple, than his own Horace appears in any of his writings: more witty, and less simple than the modern *Monf. Boileau*, who claimed the merit of uniting the style of *Juvenal* and *Persius* with that of *Horace*.

Satire gratifies self-love. This was one source of his popularity; and he seems even so very conscious of it as to stigmatize many inoffensive characters.

The circumstance of what is called alliteration, and the nice adjustment of the pause, have conspired to charm the present age, but have, at the same time, given his verses a very cloying peculiarity.

But, perhaps, we must not expect to trace the flow of *Waller*, the landscape of *Thomson*, the fire of *Dryden*, the imagery of *Shakespeare*, the simplicity of *Spencer*, the courtliness of *Prior*, the humour of *Swift*, the wit of *Cowley*, the delicacy of *Addison*, the tenderness of *Otway*, and the invention, the spirit, and sublimity of *Milton*, joined in any single writer. The lovers of poetry, therefore, should

allow some praise to those who shine in any branch of it, and only range them into classes according to that species in which they shine: though some may be raised high, yet others may be kept low. *Quare agite, O Juvenes!*

Barish the self-debasing principle, and scorn the disingenuity of readers. Humility has depressed many a genius into an hermit; but never yet raised one into a poet of eminence.

Mr Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term condensing of continuing sentences, yet preserving ease and brevity. In goodness of verse, perhaps, he has been surpassed: in regard to invention, he excelled none. Add to this, if the want of sublimity may be esteemed our true model; Mr Pope is much more witty and less simple than his own times appears in any of his writings: more witty, and less simple than the modern French Poets, who claimed the merit of uniting these two qualities and Terms with that of Horace. This was one source of his greatness. His words were so very conscious of it as to figure every metaphorous expression. The circumlocution which is called alliteration, and the repetition of the same parts, have contributed to charm the reader, but have at the same time, given his verse a very peculiar and peculiar quality. But perhaps we should not expect to trace the flow of Whittier, the landscape of Thomson, the simplicity of Dryden, the imagery of Shakespeare, the simplicity of Spenser, the courtliness of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addison, the tenderness of Otway, and the invention, the grandeur, and sublimity of Milton, joined in any single poet. The lovers of poetry, therefore, should

THE IMPROMPTU.

THE critics, however unable to fix the time which it is most proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have universally agreed that some certain space is not to be exceeded. Concerning this, Aristotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely silent. Succeeding critics have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greatest epic writers; that, if they could not frame a law, they might at least establish a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, say they, confined the action of his Iliad, or rather his action may be reduced to the space of two months. His Odyssey, according to Bosin and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's Aeneid has raised very different opinions in his commentators. Tasso's poem includes a summer. But leaving such knotty points to persons that appear born for the discussion of them, let us endeavour to establish laws that are more likely to be obeyed than controverted. An epic writer, tho' limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no sort of restraint with regard to the time he takes to finish his poem. Far different is the case with a writer of Impromptu's. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can possibly take in his composition, but is rigidly circumscribed with regard to the space in which it is completed. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in this composition, its peculiar merit must ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced.

It appears indeed to me to have the nature of that kind of salad, which certain eminent adepts in cookery have contrived to raise, while a joint of mutton is roasting. We do not allow ourselves to

blame its unusual flatness and insipidity, but extol the little flavour it has, considering the time of its vegetation.

An extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged as we judge a race-horse; not by the gracefulness of his motion, but the time he takes to finish his course. The best critic upon earth may err in determining his precise degree of merit, if he have neither a stop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing.

To be a little more serious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of its real worth, and the shortness of the time that is employed in its production. By this rule, even Virgil's poem may be, in some sort, deemed extemporaneous; as the time he took to perfect so extraordinary a composition, considered with its real worth, appears shorter than the time employed to write the distics of Cosconius.

On the other hand, I cannot allow this title to the flashes of my friend S—— in the magazine, which have no sort of claim to be called verses, besides their instantaneity.

Having ever made it my ambition to see my writings distinguished for something poignant, unexpected, or, in some respects, peculiar; I have acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to the *Concetti*. I have stung folks with my epigrams, amused them with acrostics, puzzled them with rebuses, and distracted them with riddles. It remained only for me to succeed in the impromptu, for which I was utterly disqualified by a whorson slowness of apprehension.

Still desirous, however, of the immortal honour to grow distinguished for an extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that purpose in a dream. His answer was

as follows: "That whatever piece of wit, either
 "written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit,
 "as of extemporaneous production, shall be said or
 "written within the time that the author supports
 "himself on one leg. That Horace had explained
 "his meaning by the phrase, *STANS PEDE IN*
 "*UNO*. And forasmuch as one man may persevere in
 "the posture longer than another, he would recom-
 "mend it to all candidates for this extraordinary ac-
 "complishment, that they would habituate them-
 "selves to study in no other attitude whatsoever."

Methought I received his answer with the ut-
 most pleasure as well as veneration; hoping, that,
 however I was debarred of the acumen requisite for
 an extempore, I might learn to weary out my bet-
 ters in standing on one leg.

Not the entrance of a man into a room, nor the sound of
 a pattering foot, nor the rustle of a garment, nor the
 tables of a banquet, were so much to him as the so-
 lemnity of face! May, so wonderfully true, was he observed to be
 on all occasions, that it was almost hardly possible to
 be otherwise in his company. He retained the fondness
 himself of laughter, whenever he entered the room;
 and men's features, though even to much roughness,
 were sure to grow smooth at his approach.

The man had nothing vicious, or even ill-natured
 in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial
 conversation; the young, the gay, found their

AN HUMOURIST.

TO form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness bears to another's, we are to consider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumstances. It were superfluous to evince that the same objects which one despises, are frequently to another the substantial source of admiration. The man of business and the man of pleasure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has less charms for some, than they can discover in a butterfly. The more candid and sage observer condemns neither for his pursuits, but for the derision he so profusely lavishes upon the disposition of his neighbour. He concludes that schemes infinitely various were at first intended for our pursuit and pleasure; and that some find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of Lord Chief Justice.

Having premised thus much, I proceed to give some account of a character which came within the sphere of my own observation.

Not the entrance of a cathedral, not the sound of a passing-bell, not the furs of a magistrate, nor the sables of a funeral, were fraught with half the solemnity of face!

Nay, so wonderfully serious was he observed to be on all occasions, that it was found hardly possible to be otherwise in his company. He quashed the loudest tempest of laughter, whenever he entered the room; and men's features, though ever so much roughened, were sure to grow smooth at his approach.

The man had nothing vicious, or even ill-natured, in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial conversation; the young, the gay, found their spi-

rits fly before him. Even the kitten and the puppy, as it were by instinct, would forego their frolics, and be still. The depression he occasioned was like that of a damp, or vitiated air. Unconscious of any apparent cause, you found your spirits sink insensibly: And were any one to sit for the picture of ill-luck, it is not possible the painter could select a more proper person.

Yet he did not fail to boast of a superior share of reason, even for the want of that very faculty, risibility, with which it is supposed to be always joined.

Indeed he acquired the character of the most ingenious person of his country, from his meditative temper. Not that he had ever made any great discovery of his talents; but a few oracular declarations, joined with a common opinion that he was writing somewhat for posterity, completed his reputation.

Numbers would have willingly depreciated his character, had not his known sobriety and reputed sense deterred them.

He was one day overheard at his devotions, returning his most fervent thanks for some particularities in his situation, which the generality of mankind would have but little regarded.

"Accept," said he, "the gratitude of thy most humble, yet most happy creature, not for silver or gold, the tinsel of mankind, but for those amiable peculiarities which thou hast so graciously interwoven both with my fortune and my complexion: for those treasures so well adapted to that frame of mind thou hast assigned me.

That the surname which has descended to me is liable to no pun.

That it runs chiefly upon vowels and liquids.

That I have a picturesque countenance rather than one that is esteemed of regular features.

That there is an intermediate hill, intercepting my view of a nobleman's seat, whose ill-obtained superiority I cannot bear to recollect.

That my estate is over-run with brambles, resounding with cataracts, and is beautifully varied with rocks and precipices, rather than an even cultivated spot, fertile of corn, or wine, or oil; or those kinds of productions in which the sons of men delight themselves.

That as thou dividest thy bounties impartially, giving riches to one, and contempt of riches to another, so thou hast given me, in the midst of poverty, to despise the insolence of riches, and, by declining all emulation that is founded upon wealth, to maintain the dignity and superiority of the Muses.

That I have a disposition either so elevated or so ingenuous, that I can derive to myself amusement from the very expedients and contrivances with which rigorous necessity furnishes my invention.

That I can laugh at my own follies, foibles, and infirmities; and that I do not want infirmities to employ this disposition."

This poor gentleman caught cold one winter's night, as he was contemplating, by the side of a crystal stream, by moonshine. This afterwards terminated in a fever that was fatal to him. Since his death, I have been favoured with the inspection of his poetry, of which I preserved a catalogue for the benefit of my readers.

OF ONE OF OCCASIONAL POEMS.

On his dog, that growing corpulent refused a crust when it was offered him.

To the memory of a pair of breeches, that had done him excellent service.

Having lost his trusty walking-staff, he complaineth.

To his mistress, on her declaring that she loved parsnips better than potatoes.

On an ear-wig that crept into a nectarin that it might be swallowed by Chloe.

On cutting an artichoke in his garden, the day that Queen Anne cut her little finger.

Epigram on a wooden peg.

Ode to the memory of the great modern—who first invented shoe-buckles.

With aplaud the youths who by merit had arriv'd
 throughs of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned
 royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the
 certain of honour, and the dignity conferred by
 which graced his own. But the sentiments he en-
 he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits
 any one who indulged their passion inoffensively, to
 never aware to vindicate. He never censured
 tion; but what he felt, he acknowledged, and was
 yesterday. In short, he was a man of some sense
 temperance between the two extremes of to-day and
 news-paper, or in relation to the difference of
 gave his irrevocable knowledge the argument upon a
 vulgar cast of their mind, which would be content to
 at his peculiarity of temper, and he no less, at the
 must of a great deal of sense, and he often indulged
 variation to enjoy the variety of sights, or the man-
 would determine, and he was of mixed con-
 ed; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He
 was of a complexion, and a plain and unadorned
 clear and light, when I saw him walked forth. He

THE HERMIT.

IN THE MANNER OF CAMBRAY.

TWAS in that delightful month which Dove prefers before all others, and which most re-
 veres this deity; that month which ever weaves a
 verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it
 with flowers. The banks became inviting through
 their coverlets of moss; the violets, refreshed by the
 moisture of descending rains, enriched the tepid air
 with their agreeable perfumes. But the shower was
 past; the sun dispersed the vapours; and the sky was
 clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He
 was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffec-
 ted; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He
 would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixed con-
 versation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the mur-
 murs of a water-fall. His neighbours often smiled
 at his peculiarity of temper; and he no less at the
 vulgar cast of theirs. He could never be content to
 pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a
 news-paper, or in adjusting the precise difference of
 temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and
 yesterday. In short, he was not void of some ambi-
 tion; but what he felt, he acknowledged, and was
 never averse to vindicate. As he never censured
 any one who indulged their humour inoffensively, so
 he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits
 which gratified his own. But the sentiments he en-
 tertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by
 royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the
 thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned
 with applause the youths who by merit had arrived

at Station; but he thought that all should in life's visit leave some token of their existence; and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity. ^{and when he} There were few, he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame; and in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would at least be honoured by their descendants, although they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favour. ^{in which you seem to} What a lustre, said he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walsingham, cast upon their remotest progeny! and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere case of nobility? Yet where even superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the abutements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild, uninhabited country, was now ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landscaped. Fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But these indeed were much less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and spires that were almost concealed by one unadorned azure. The sea, indeed, appeared to close the scene, though, distant as it was, it but little variegated the view. Hardly indeed were its distinguishable but for the beams of a descending sun, which at the same time warned our traveller to re-

turn, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with shutting all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as possible to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following. Father, says he, it is with no small surprise that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hills beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as to a person so contemplative must appear highly entertaining; and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks it was probable you would have so placed it, as to present them, in all their beauty, to your eye.

The hermit made him this answer. My son, says he, the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my story, did I not imagine the moon would prove a safer guide to you, than that setting sun which you must otherwise rely upon. Enter therefore for a while into my cave, and I will give you then some account of my adventures, which will solve your doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propose. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the use of meditation, dare to condemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself worthy of the being I contemplate.

Know then, that I owe what the world is pleased to call my ruin (and indeed justly, were it not for the use which I have made of it) to an assured dependence, in a literal sense, upon confused and distant prospects: a consideration, which hath indeed so affected me, that I shall never henceforth enjoy a landscape that lies at so remote a distance, as not to exhibit all its parts. And indeed were I to form the least pretensions to what your world calls taste, I might even then perhaps contend that a well-discriminated landscape was at all times to be preferred to a distant and promiscuous azure.

I was born in the parish of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and myself were of the same age, and for some time school-fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early upon his travels, pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance: my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity, wrung from him his "flow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense; but being banished so early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their policies or manners. Judgment,

for the most part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

We were now returning home from a six years absence; anticipating the caresses of our parents and relations; when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me, in one of his lucid intervals, as follows.

Alas! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive.

The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents; and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awake their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they would render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell. All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart; but friendship lingers long, and it is with tears I say farewell.

My concern was truly so great, that, upon my arrival in my native country, it was not at all increased by the consideration that the nobleman, on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared sensibly grieved that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail me. He recommended me, however, to a friend of his that was then of the

successful party, and who, he was assured, would, at his request, assist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which I effectually consumed upon the empty forms of our court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quick succeeding one another, as superficial and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me when my second patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished indeed I had retreated sooner; but to retire at last unrecompensed, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution.

However, after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions upon each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed opened all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendour which was grown familiar to me, and for civility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated however for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not indeed intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged. I thought to content myself with common necessities, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But, alas! to my great surprize, the person who supplied my expences had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my

debts, &c. were discharged; I was unable to subsist in any better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in my present way of life; I cultivate a few vegetables to support me; and the little well there, is a very clear one. I am now an useless individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to shame, and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are indeed something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun; but as to extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease is at least the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one.

Yet will I not permit you to depart from an hermit, without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or purpose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very post I had all my lifetime been solicitous to procure.

ON DISTINCTIONS, ORDERS, and DIGNITIES.

THE subject turned upon the nature of societies, ranks, orders, and distinctions amongst men.

A Gentleman of spirit, and of the popular faction, had been long declaiming against any kind of honours that tended to elevate a body of people into a distinct species from the rest of the nation. Particularly titles and blue ribbands were the object of his indignation. They were, as he pretended, too invidious an ostentation of superiority, to be allowed in any nation that styled itself free. Much was said upon the subject of appearances, so far as they were countenanced by law or custom. The bishop's lawn, the marshal's truncheon, the baron's robe, and the judge's peruke, were considered only as necessary substitutes, where genuine purity, real courage, native dignity, and suitable penetration, were wanting to complete the characters of those to whom they were assigned.

It was urged that policy had often effectually made it a point to dazzle in order to enslave; and instances were brought of gnomelike distinctions borne about in the glare of day by certain persons, who, being stripped of them, would be less esteemed than the meanest plebeian.

He acknowledged, indeed, that kings, the fountains of all political honour, had hitherto shewn no complaisance to the sex whose softer dispositions rendered them more excusably fond of such peculiarities.

That, in favour of the ladies, he should esteem himself sufficiently happy in the honour of inventing

one order, which should be styled *The most powerful order of beauties*.

That their number in Great Britain should be limited to five thousand; the dignity for ever to be conferred by the queen alone, who should be styled *Sovereign* of the order, and the rest the *Companions*.

That the instalment should be rendered a thousand times more ceremonious, the dresses more superb, and the plumes more enormous, than those already in use amongst the companions of the garter.

That the distinguishing badge of this order should be an artificial nosegay, to be worn on the left breast; consisting of a lily and a rose, the proper emblems of complexion, and intermixed with a branch of myrtle, the tree sacred to Venus.

That instead of their shields being affixed to the walls appointed for this order, there should be a gallery erected to receive their pictures at full length. Their portraits to be taken by four painters of the greatest eminence; and he whose painting was preferred, to be styled *A knight of the rose and lily*.

That when any person addressed a letter to a lady of this order, the style should always be, *To the Right Beautiful Miss or Lady such-a-one*.

He seemed for some time undetermined whether they should forfeit their title upon marriage; but at length, for many reasons, proposed it should be continued to them.

And thus far the gentleman proceeded in his harangue; when it was objected, that the queen, unless she unaccountably chose to mark out game for her husband, could take no sort of pleasure in conferring this honour where it was most due: That as ladies grew in years, this epithet of beautiful would burlesque them; and, in short, considering the frailty

of beauty, there was no lasting compliment that could be bestowed upon it.

At this the orator smiled; and acknowledged it was true: but asked at the same time, why it was more absurd to style a lady right beautiful, in the days of her deformity, than to term a peer right honourable when he grew a scandal to mankind!

That this was sometimes the case, he said, was not to be disputed; because titles have been sometimes granted to a worthless son, in consequence of a father's enormous wealth most unjustly acquired. And a few had ever surpassed in villainy the right honourable the Earl of A——.

The company was a little surprized at the sophistry of our declaimant. However, it was replied to by a person present, that Lord ——'s title being fictitious, no one ought to instance him to the disadvantage of the p—rage, who had, strictly speaking, never been of that number.

As the author is not writing a treatise on the federal law, but a moral essay; any little inaccuracies, it is hoped, will be overlooked by those who, from several late treatises on this subject, might expect great exactness and precision in a serious discussion of this point.

On the same Subject.

THE declaimant I before mentioned continued his harangue. There are, said he, certain epithets which so frequently occur, that they are the less considered; and which are seldom or never examined, on account of the many opportunities of examination that present themselves.

Of this kind is the word Gentleman. This word, on its first introduction, was given, I suppose, to freemen, in opposition to vassals; these being the two classes into which the nation was once divided*. The freeman was he who was possessed of land, and could therefore subsist without manual labour; the vassal, he who tenanted the land, and was obliged to his thane for the necessaries of life. The different manners, we may presume, that sprung from their different situations and connections, occasioned the one to be denominated a civilized or gentle personage; and the other to obtain the name of a mere rustic or villain.

But upon the publication of crusades, the state of things was considerably altered: it was then that every freeman distinguished the shield which he wore with some painted emblem or device; and this, in order that his fellow-combatants might attribute to him his proper applause, which, upon account of similar accoutrements, might be otherwise subject to misapplication.

* As the author is not writing a treatise on the feudal law, but a moral essay; any little inaccuracies, it is hoped, will be overlooked by those, who, from several late treatises on this subject, might expect great exactness and precision in a serious discussion of this point.

Upon this there arose a distinction betwixt freeman and freeman. All who had served in those religious wars continued the use of their first devices, but all devices were not illustrated by the same pretensions to military glory.

However, these campaigns were discontinued: fresh families sprung up; who, without any pretence to mark themselves with such devices as these holy combatants, were yet as desirous of respect, of estimation, of distinction. It would be tedious enough to trace the steps by which money establishes even absurdity. A court of heraldry sprung up, to supply the place of crusade exploits, to grant imaginary shields and trophies to families that never wore real armour, and it is but of late that it has been discovered to have no real jurisdiction.

Yet custom is not at once overthrown; and he is even now deemed a gentleman who has arms recorded in the herald's office, and at the same time follows none, except a liberal employment.

Allowing this distinction, it is obvious to all who consider, that a churlish, morose, illiterate clown; a lazy, beggarly, sharpening vagabond; a stupid, lubberly, inactive sot, or pick-pocket; nay, even an highwayman, may be nevertheless a gentleman as by law established. In short, that the definition may, together with others, include also the filth, the scum, and the dregs of the creation.

But do we not appear to disallow this account, when we say, "such or such an action was not done in a gentleman-like manner?" "such usage was not the behaviour of a gentleman," and so forth? We seem thus to insinuate that the appellation of gentleman regards morals as well as family; and that integrity, politeness, generosity, and affability, have

the truest claim to a distinction of this kind. Whence then shall we suppose was derived this contradiction? Shall we say that the plebeians, having the virtues on their side, by degrees removed this appellation from the basis of family to that of merit; which they esteemed, and not unjustly, to be the true and proper pedestal? this the gentry will scarce allow. Shall we then insist that every thing great and god-like was heretofore the achievement of the gentry? but this perhaps, will not obtain the approbation of the commoners.

To reconcile the difference, let us suppose the denomination may belong equally to two sorts of men. The one, what may be styled a gentleman *de jure*, viz. a man of generosity, politeness, learning, taste, genius, or affability: in short, accomplished in all that is splendid, or endeared to us by all that is amiable, on the one side: and on the other, a gentleman *de facto*, or what, to English readers, I would term a gentleman as by law established.

As to the latter appellation, what is really essential, or, as logicians would say, "*quarto modo primum*," is a real, or at least a specious, claim to the inheritance of certain coat-armour from a second or more distant ancestor; and this unstained by any mechanical or illiberal employment.

We may discover, on this state of the case, that, however material a difference this distinction supposes, yet it is not wholly impracticable for a gentleman *de jure* to render himself in some sort a gentleman *de facto*. A certain sum of money, deposited in the hands of my good friends Norroy or Rouge-dragon, will convey to him a coat of arms descending from as many ancestors as he pleases. On the other hand, the gentleman *de facto* may become a

gentleman also de jure, by the acquisition of certain virtues, which are rarely all of them unattainable. The latter, I must acknowledge, is the more difficult task; at least we may daily discover crowds acquire sufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that possess the virtues which enoble human nature, and (in the best sense of the word) constitute a Gentleman.

A CHARACTER.

HE was a youth so amply furnished with every excellence of mind, that he seemed alike capable of acquiring or disregarding the goods of fortune. He had indeed all the learning and erudition that can be derived from universities, without the pedantry and ill manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the most intense assiduity, he possessed by nature; I mean, that elegance of taste, which disposed him to admire beauty under its great variety of appearances. It passed not unobserved by him either in the cut of a sleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a statue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower, afforded him sensations of beauty; that beauty which inferior geniuses are taught coldly to distinguish, or to discern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the student, who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character that could obscure so great accomplishments, beside the want, the total want, of a desire to exhibit them. Through this it came to pass, that what would have raised another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him passed over unregarded. For, in respect to ordinary observers, it is requisite to lay some stress yourself on what you intend should be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in some degree diminished his knowledge of the world; or, rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary conversation was, per-

haps, rather too pregnant with sentiment, the usual fault of rigid students; and this he would in some degree have regulated better, did not the universality of his genius, together with the method of his education, so largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardness (since his modesty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of brocade, whose turgescency indeed constitutes, and is inseparable from, its value. He gave delight by an happy boldness in the extirpation of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humourously ridicule: And he had such entire possession of the hearts as well as understandings of his friends, that he could soon make the most surprising paradoxes believed and well accepted. His image, like that of a sovereign, could give an additional value to the most precious ore; and we no sooner believed our eyes that it was he who spake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to say. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talents of rendering the greatest virtues unenvied: whereas the latter shone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable: I mean in regard to those few he had to exercise his skill.

N. B. This was written, in an extempore manner, on my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

ON RESERVE

A FRAGMENT.

TAKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following observation. There is not, says he, any one quality so inconsistent with respect, as what is commonly called familiarity. You do not find one in fifty, whose regard is proof against it. At the same time, it is hardly possible to insist upon such a deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be supported by common sense. Thus much, at least, is evident, that your demands will be so successful, as to procure a greater share than if you had made no such demand. I may frankly own to you, Leander, that I frequently derived uneasiness, from a familiarity with such persons as despised every thing they could obtain with ease. Were it not better, therefore, to be somewhat frugal of our affability, at least to allot it only to the few persons of discernment who can make the proper distinction betwixt real dignity and pretended. To neglect those characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are at the same time very far from familiarity-proof: To have posthumous fame in view, which affords us the most pleasing landscape: To enjoy the amusement of reading, and the consciousness that reading paves the way to general esteem: To preserve a constant regularity of temper, and also of constitution, for the most part but little consistent with a promiscuous intercourse with men: To shun all illiterate, though ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present, and upon reflexion painful: To meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value or valued us for those qualities

with which they were best acquainted: To partake with such a friend as you, the delights of a studious and rational retirement. Are not these the paths that lead to happiness?

In answer to this (for he seemed to feel some late mortification) I observed, that what we lost by familiarity in respect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an absolute solitude was so very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from society but for a single fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar that he saw.

What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further discourse upon the subject; without order or connexion, as they occur to our remembrance.

Some reserve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to goodness.

There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest; yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine: and such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing as of that whereof we do not see the bounds. This, as Mr Burke ingeniously observes, affords the pleasure when we survey a cylinder*; and Sir John Suckling says,

“They who know all the wealth they have are poor;

“He’s only rich who cannot tell his store.”

* Treatise of the sublime and beautiful.

A person that would secure to himself great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by silence, as effectually as by any thing he can say.

To be, however, a niggard of one's observation, is so much worse than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the same time.

Men oftentimes pretend to proportion their respect to real desert; but a supercilious reserve and distance wearies them into a compliance with more. This appears so very manifest to many persons of the lofty character, that they use no better means to acquire respect than like highwaymen to make a demand of it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the mortal part of their character.

It is from the same principle of distance that nations are brought to believe that their great duke knoweth all things; as is the case in some countries.

Men, while no human form or fault they see,

Excuse the want of ev'n humanity;

And eastern kings, who vulgar views disdain,

Require no worth to fix their awful reign.

You cannot say in truth what may disgrace 'em.

You know in what predicament to place 'em.

Alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,

Ev'n virtue charms us less than vice conceal'd!"

For some small worth he had, the man was priz'd,

He added frankness—and he grew despis'd."

We want comets, not ordinary planets:

Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.

TERENCE.

*Hanc caelum, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt quae formidine nulla
Imbuti spectent.*

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is sometimes hated for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The reserved man's intimate acquaintance are, for the most part, fonder of him, than the persons of a more affable character, i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he distinguishes them more.

It is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffeehouse, should they meet at Isfahan, would drink sherbet, and eat a mess of rice together.

The man of show is vain: the reserved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination—The one is more frequently respected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato; the other a Caesar. Vide Sallust.

What Caesar said of *Rubicundos amo; pallidos timeo*; may be applied to familiarity, and to reserve.

A reserved man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good speech; and I believe sometimes proceeds so far as to leave company, because

he has made one. Yet it is his fate often, like the mole, to imagine himself deep, when he is near the surface.

Were it prudent to decline this reserve, and this horror of disclosing foibles; to give up a part of character to secure the rest? The world will certainly insist upon having some part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out some follies to the envious; as we give up counters to an highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to save one's money and one's ship: to let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can escape being stabbed in the heart.

The reserved man should drink double glasses.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart as to their garden.

A reserved man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature; and even grudges himself the laugh into which he sometimes is betrayed.

"Seldom he smiles——

"And smiles in such a sort as he disdained

"Himself—that could be moved to smile at any
"thing"——

"A fool and his words are soon parted;" for so should the proverb run.

Common understandings, like cits in gardening, allow no shades to their picture.

Modesty often passes for errant haughtiness; as what is deemed spirit in an horse proceeds from fear.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be admitted into company.

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church-organ with devotion, or wine with good nature*.

* These were no other than a collection of hints, when I proposed to write a political essay on Reserve.

ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

THERE is a young gentleman in my parish, who, on account of his superior equipage, is esteemed universally more proud and more haughty than his neighbours. 'Tis frequently hinted, that he is by no means entitled to so splendid an appearance, either by his birth, his station, or his fortune; and that it is, of consequence, mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondness for external splendour, he is a most affable and ingenious man; and for this reason I am inclined to vindicate him, when these things are mentioned to his disadvantage.

In the first place, it is by no means clear, that dress and equipage are sure signs of pride. Where it is joined with a supercilious behaviour, it becomes then a corroborative testimony. But this is not always the case: The refinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of fancy, as the consequence of an ambition to surpass and eclipse our equals. Whoever thinks that taste has nothing to do here, must confine the expression to improper limits; assuredly imagination may find its account in them, wholly independent of worldly homage and considerations more invidious.

In the warmth of friendship for this gentleman, I am sometimes prompted to go further. I insist, it is not birth or fortune only that give a person claim to a splendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications, in which my friend is acknowledged to have a share.

I have sometimes urged, that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or sciences, are a more reasonable authority for a splendid appearance, than those which are commonly presumed to be so. That there is something more personal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune, will not be denied: and surely there ought to be some proportion observed betwixt the case and the thing enclosed. The propensity of rich and worthless people to appear with a splendour upon all occasions, puts one in mind of the country shop-keeper, who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. 'Tis not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you see a piece of candle honoured with a crown.

I have generally considered those as privileged people, who are able to support the character they assume. Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast betwixt them and their cloaths turns out much to their disadvantage. 'Tis on this account I have sometimes observed with pleasure some noblemen of immense fortune to dress exceeding plain.

If dress be only allowable to persons of family, it may then be considered as a sort of family-livery, and Jack the groom may, with equal justice, pride himself upon the gaudy wardrobe his master gives him. Nay more—for a gentleman, before he hires a servant, will require some testimony of his merit; whereas the master challenges his own right to splendour, though possessed of no merit at all.

Upon my present scheme of dress, it may seem to answer some very good purposes. It is then established on the same foundation, as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dress were only authorized in men of ingenuity, we should find many

aiming at the previous merit, in hopes of the subsequent distinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and garter would one never knighted: and men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat, or a gold snuff-box, as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should not esteem a man a coxcomb for his dress, till, by frequent conversation, we discovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a bon mot, the gold upon his coat would seem foreign to his circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress, till he could give an account of the best French authors; and should be versed in all the oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond.

It may be urged, that men of the greatest merit may not be able to shew it in their dress, on account of their slender income. But here it should be considered that another part of the world would find their equipage so much reduced by a sumptuary law of this nature, that a very moderate degree of splendour would distinguish them more than a greater does at present.

What I propose, however, upon the whole, is, that men of merit should be allowed to dress in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in so doing: as a nobleman lays aside his garter, when he sees no valuable consequence in the discovery of his quality.

CHARACTER.

Anima nil magnæ laudis egentes.

THERE is an order of persons in the world, whose thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects present themselves, their observations are as uniform as though they were the consequence of instinct. There is nothing places these men in a more insignificant point of light, than a comparison of their ideas with the refinements of some great genius. I shall only add, by way of reflexion, that it is people of this stamp, who, together with the soundest health, often enjoy the greatest equanimity; their passions, like dull steeds, being the least apt to endanger or misguide them: yet such is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with most discretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greatest impediment.

I was taking a view of Westminster-abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honesty, but the same degree of understanding as that I have described.

There had nothing passed in our way thither, beside the customary salutations, and an endeavour to decide with accuracy upon the present temperature of the weather. On passing over the threshold, he observed with an air of thoughtfulness, that it was a brave ancient place.

I told him, I thought there was none more suitable, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the ashes of men that had acquired a greater share of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not seem to comprehend me.

Silence reigned for many minutes; when having had time to reflect upon the monuments of men famous in their generations, he stood collected in himself; alluding me, "there was no sort of excellence could exempt a man from death." This I applauded the justice (of his) observation; and said, it was not only my present opinion, but had been so for a number of years; but Right, (says he), "and, for my own part, I seldom love to publish my remarks upon a subject, till I have had them confirmed to me by a long course of experience."

This last maxim, somewhat beyond his usual depth, occasioned a silence of some few minutes. The spring had been too much bent to recover immediately its wonted vigour. We had taken some few turns, up and down the left-hand ayle, when he caught sight of a monument somewhat larger than the rest, and more calculated to make impression upon an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it was raised to an ancestor of the Duke of Newcastle. "Well (says he, with an air of cunning), this is indeed a fine piece of workmanship; but I cannot conceive this finery is of any signification to the person buried there." I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of respect to the deceased, people were frequently imposed upon by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had just perceived enough to inform him he was an eminent physician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as tho' some important discovery had struck his fancy on a sudden. I listened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to insinuate that physicians themselves could not save their lives when their time was come.

A well known grave near Temple-bar

He had not proceeded many steps from in before he beckoned to our Cicero: "Friend," (says he, "pointing with his cane), how long has that gentleman been dead?" The man set him right in that particular; after which putting on a woeful countenance, "Well," (says he), to behold how fast time flies away! 'Tis but a small time to look back (upon, since he and I met at the Devil's). Alas," (continued he), we shall never do so again." Indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave.

This old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or of pain. His chief delights indeed were sensual, but those of the less vigorous kind; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bostock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was a little exuberant in the praises of this noble cathartic. But his distemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as this precluding the use of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a most considerate person. I find, by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an aversion to much reflection in himself, but endeavoured to provide against it in succeeding generations.

I have heard that he sometimes boasted that he was a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.

* A well known tavern near Temple-bar.

AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

IT is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed, has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms where it is most essentially interwoven with religion.

The same credulity which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a Popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason; and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a belief of this kind might spread in the days of Popish infatuation. A belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an inclination to deceive others, tho' it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even though it were their inclination?

Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition.

I go upon a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the argument sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true Shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true Shilling here should mean the living person; and the counterfeit refer-

blance, the posthumous figure of him that either strikes our senses or our imagination.

Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased? Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects of the imagination.

Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations, as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses.

I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or chronical, have impressed their object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence.

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could have portrayed them! And how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged retractor, or love for a mistress killed by inconstancy,

of gratitude to a wife of long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely condemned, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost. The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reason why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity.

Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government; is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases.

Such appears, to me at least, to be the true existence of apparitions.

The reasons against any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow.

They are, I think, never seen by day; and darkness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person; which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal.

They have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned, were their existence real, for so great a change as their discontinuance?

The cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century; the notion of ghosts has been, together, exploded: a reason why the imagination should be less prone to conceive them; but not a reason why they themselves should cease.

Most of those who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other respects; of enthusiastic imaginations, or strong passions, which are the consequence; or else have allowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

Some few instances may be supposed, where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasms to those that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a white horse for a winding-sheer.

To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it, is to keep a strict guard over our passions; to avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-house; and, by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

of commendation. By degrees, men, who came near to children, and who wanted to be counted as a suitable entertainment, of the use of them as a suitable entertainment. **ON CARDS.** **OF THE FRAGMENT.**

We had passed our evening with some very fair persons famous for their taste, their learning, and refinement. But, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the rest, had contrived to put themselves upon a level, by introducing a new ART OF CARDS.

'Tis a sign, said he, the world is far gone in idleness, or surely the fashion of cards would be accounted no small one. Is it not surprising that men of sense should submit to join in this idle custom, which appears originally invented to supply its deficiency? But such is the fatality! imperfections give rise to fashions! and are followed by those who do not labour under the defects that introduced them. Nor is the hoop the only instance of a fashion invented by those who found their account in it, and afterwards countenanced by others to whose figure it was prejudicial.

How can men, who value themselves upon their reflexions, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking?

I intimated the old allusion of the bow, that acquires fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

He answered, this might be applicable, provided I could shew, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it the profit and the pleasure.

Cards, if one may guess from their first appearance, seem invented for the use of children; and, among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bells, the whistle, the rattle, and the hobby-horse, deserved their share

of commendation. By degrees, men, who came nearest to children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them as a suitable entertainment. Others, also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knot of villains, increased the party; who, regardless of that entertainment which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute to robbing on the road, or picking pockets. But men who propose to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? for difficult indeed were it to determine, whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among persons of character.

Perhaps, replied I, your men of wit and fancy may favour this diversion, as giving occasion for the crop of jest and witicism, which naturally enough arises from the names and circumstances of the cards.

He said, he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves.

In short, says he, as persons of ability are capable of furnishing out a much more agreeable entertainment; when a gentleman offers me cards, I shall esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense nor fancy.

But how much he had lost—His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces: but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and that to the loss of a conversation for which he would have given twenty.

ON HYPOCRISY.

WERE hypocrites to pretend to no uncommon sanctity, their want of merit would be less discoverable. But pretensions of this nature bring their characters upon the carpet. Those who endeavour to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract the eyes of it. A small blemish is more easily discoverable in them, and more justly ridiculous, than a much greater in their neighbours. A small blemish also presents a clue, which very often conducts us through the most intricate mazes and dark recesses of their character.

Notwithstanding the evidence of this, how often do we see pretence cultivated in proportion as virtue is neglected, as religion sinks in one scale, pretence is exalted in the other.

Perhaps there is not a more effectual key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a censorious temper. The man possessed of real virtue knows the difficulty of attaining it; and is, of course, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in the pursuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is less induced to pity those who desert it for the flowery one. He exposes the unhappy victim without compunction, and even with a kind of triumph; not considering that vice is the proper object of compassion, or that propensity to censure is almost a worse quality than any it can expose.

Clelia was born in England, of Romish parents, about the time of the revolution. She seemed naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her

external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as naturally averse to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Persons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty sued to her; nor had she any reason to quarrel with love for the shapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and she seemed resolved to pass her days in all the austerities of the most rigid convent. To this purpose she sought out an abbess that presided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a small community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary instances of self-denial. The abbess herself exhibited a person in which chastity appeared indeed not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before she went to preside over this little society. Her virtues were indeed such as she thought most convenient to her circumstances. Her fasts were the effect of avarice, and her devotions of the spleen. She considered the cheapness of house-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. She knew sackcloth to be cheaper than brocade, and ashes than sweet powder.

Her heart sympathized with every cup that was broken, and she instituted a fast for each domestic misfortune. She had converted her larder into a study, and the greater part of her library consisted of manuals for fasting days. By these arts, and this way of life, she seemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate desires, as the persons might be supposed to do who were favoured with her smiles or her conversation.

To this lady was Clelia admitted; and after the year of probation assumed the veil.

Among many others who had solicited her notice, before she came a member of this convent, was Leander, a young physician of great learning and ingenuity. His personal accomplishments were at least equal to those of any of his rivals, and his passion was superior. He urged in his behalf all that wit, inspired by fondness, and recommended by person, dress, and equipage, could innuinate; but in vain. She grew angry at sollicitations with which she resolved never to comply, and which she found so difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had assumed the veil, and Leander was the most miserable of mortals. He had not so high an opinion of his fair one's sanctity and zeal as some other of her admirers: But he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irresistible. His extravagant passion had produced in him a jealousy that was not easily eluded.

At regina dolor.

Quid non sentit amor?

He had observed his mistress go more frequently to her confessor, a young and blooming ecclesiastic; than was perhaps necessary for so much apparent purity; or, as he thought, consistent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect upon Leander. His suspicions were by no means lessened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar supplied the confessional chair.

It happened that Leander was brought to the abbey in the capacity of a physician, and he had one

more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate.

She, quite shocked at his appearance, burst out into a sudden rage, inveighing bitterly against his presumption, and calling loudly on the name of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Friar. The convent was, in short, alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified till the good man was called, in order to allay, by suitable applications, the emotions raised by this unexpected interview.

Leander grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communications which passed between Clelia and the friar. This, however, he did not think himself fully warranted to disclose, till an accident, of a singular nature, gave him an opportunity of receiving more ample testimony.

The confessor had a favourite spaniel, which he had lost for some time, and was informed at length that he was killed, at a village in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad. The friar was at first not much concerned; but in a little time recollected that the dog had snapped his fingers the very day before his elopement. A physician's advice was thought expedient on the occasion, and Leander was the next physician. He told him with great frankness, that no prescription he could write, had the sanction of so much experience as immersion in seawater. The friar, therefore, the next day, set forward upon his journey, while Leander, not without a mischievous kind of satisfaction, conveys the following lines to Clelia.

"My charming CLELIA,

"Though I yet love you to distraction, I cannot but suspect that you have granted favours to your confessor, which you might with greater im-

“ cence, have granted to Leander. All I have to
 “ add is this, that amorous intercourses of this na-
 “ ture, which you have enjoyed with Friar Laurence,
 “ put you under the like necessity with him of seek-
 “ ing a remedy in the ocean.

“ Adieu! LEANDER!”

Imagine Clelia guilty; and then imagine her con-
 fusion. To rail was insignificant, and to blame her
 physician was absurd, when she found herself under
 a necessity of pursuing his advice. The whole so-
 ciety was made acquainted with the journey she was
 undertaking, and the causes of it. It were uncha-
 ritable to suppose the whole community under the
 same constraint with the unhappy Clelia. However,
 the greater part thought it decent to attend her.
 Some went as her companions, some for exercise,
 some for amusement, and the abbess herself as guar-
 dian of her train, and concerned in her society's
 misfortunes.

What use Leander made of this discovery is not
 known. Perhaps, when he had been successful in
 banishing the hypocrite, he did not shew himself
 very solicitous in his endeavours to reform the
 sinner.

N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the
 salt-water.

ON VANITY.

HISTORY preserves the memory of empires and of states, with which it necessarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and statesmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewise other subordinate testimonies, which serve to perpetuate, at least prolong, the memories of men, whose characters and stations give them no claim to a place in story. For instance, when a person fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own relations or himself, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilst he is living, or with an inscription upon his monument after his decease. Inscriptions have been so fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beside elegance of style. To inveigh against the writers, for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character—But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who bespeaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

Falsehoods upon a tomb or monument may be entitled to some excuse in the affection, the gratitude, and piety of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man who through an idle vanity suffers his features to be bely'd or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be said to lose his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to belie his dress, he seems to transfer his claim to the man

with whose station his assumed trappings are connected.

I remember a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three nights harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigy, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to his instrument to be eternized in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns himself with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lie to posterity.

The absurdity of this is evident, if a person assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but station may be falsified by other decorations, as well as these.

But I am driven into this grave discourse, on a subject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of the spleen. I this morning saw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expence, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprised at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

AN ADVENTURE.

*Gaudet prænominē molles**Auricula*

IT is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a person on a journey, to know the compellations with which it is proper to address those he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of use to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to those who do not know the country. It may not be indeed imprudent to accost a passenger with a title superior to what he may appear to claim. This will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his countenance; and be, perhaps, a method of securing you from any mistake of greater importance.

I was led into these observations by some solicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in these peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed in books than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had passed a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, by help of the manifold instructions that had been given me on my setting out. At length, being something dubious concerning my way, I met a person, whom, from his nightcap and several domestic parts of dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His station of life appeared to me to be what we call a gentleman-farmer; a sort of subaltern character, in respect of

which the world seems not invariably determined. It is in short what King Charles the Second esteemed the happiest of all stations; superior to the toil and some task and ridiculous dignity of constable; and as much inferior to the intricate practice and inviolable decisions of a justice of peace. Honest man, says I, be so good as to inform me whether I am in the way to Mirlington? He replied, without a sort of fulness, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much disgust, as tho' I had called him rogue or rascal. I did not readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dressed in all the pride of rural spruceness; beside him walked a girl in a dress agreeable to that of her companion. As I presumed him by no means averse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mistress, I supposed a compliment might not be disagreeable; and enquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of "Honesty." The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face (which I was well assured could be no guide to me), and that other parts would follow of consequence. The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas, and saluting him by the name of "Sir," desired to obtain some insight into my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me ample instructions for the rest of my journey, and I passed on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one

founded on merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sundial in his garden. Friend," says I, "will you tell me what a clock it is?" He made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper as with the confidence I placed in his——. The refusal of an answer in this case was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of "Dame;" and withal wished her good-night.

But, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age. But it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both.

I had by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet farther means of conviction. I was exposed to the danger of three quicksands, by calling a girl "Sweetheart," instead of "Madam;" and was within a foot of rushing down a precipice, by calling another, "Forsooth," who might easily have told me how to avoid it.

In short, I found myself well or ill used, as I happened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the last part of my stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled by land-floods, that the proper way through it was undistinguishable. A well-dressed gentleman was passing a bridge on my left hand. It was here of much importance for me to succeed in my enquiry. I was, therefore, meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations; and at last

besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of "Honest Friend." He was not seemingly so much pleased as I assured myself he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps (out of my path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong into the brook; and my late honest friend in a laughter at our downfall.

I made a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse; and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you on some future occasion. In the meantime, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, when there is no one so inconsiderable but there is also a mind that it can influence.

When you reflect upon this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend—who, you tell me, is now trafficking for this species of dignity.

Learn to be wise then from others harm; and do not forget to observe decorum, on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not chuse to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do with sincerity and truth. Remember,

Male si palpere, recalcitrat.

It may be urged, and justly enough, that it is common to be partial to the model man; and that diffidence makes good friends for any reasoner. It is true, by the prejudice it gives every hearer

On MODESTY and IMPUDENCE.

WHEN a man of genius does not print, he covers himself by nothing more than by his abilities in dispute. However, let him show solidity in his opinions, together with ease, elegance, and vivacity in his expressions; yet if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he shall be judged inferior in other respects. I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to select judges, they will form their opinions by another scale; with these, a single epistle penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit, than an hundred defects in his conversation will demonstrate the reverse.

'Tis true, there is nothing displays a genius, I mean a quickness of genius, more than a dispute; as two diamonds encountering, contribute to each other's lustre. But perhaps the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance: and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity. On this account, the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagonist, as a race-horse, carrying a small weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: modesty, like the weight to which I allude, not suffering its owner to exert his real strength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without let or impediment.

It may be urged, and justly enough, that it is common to be partial to the modest man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any restraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer

in our favour: But indeed this can only happen, where it meets with the most ingenious judges. Otherwise a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant side is generally best accommodated.

In order to put these antagonists upon a somewhat more equal footing, I have invented the following instrument; for the sole structure and sale of which, I am not without hopes of procuring a patent. What I mean is an artificial laugher. There are few so little conversant in toys, but must have seen instruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The quail-pipe is brought to such perfection as even to delude the very species. The cuckow has been mimicked with no less accuracy. Would it not then be an easy matter to represent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itself something artificial, and is not more affected than it is particular? For the convenience of the person that bears it, its dimensions should be so contrived as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not seem feasible, that a laughter of this kind may be brought to answer every purpose of that noise which it resembles? If there be occasion for an expletive, let the owner seek it in his fob; as his antagonist would find his account in a loud oath, or an empty pun. If there be need of a good sounding cadence at the close of a common period, it may not be amiss to harmonize a sentence by what may be called a finishing stroke. The instrument is so contrived as to produce all the variety of an human laugh; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your subject, nor the wit or humour of a repartee, but by the disposition of the company, and the proper minute for such an interlude. But to become a master of the said machine, let the candidate for applause frequent the company of vocife-

rous disputants; among whom he may soon learn how to perform a conversation.

One or two of these instruments I have already finished, though not indeed to the perfection at which I expect they may soon arrive. A gentleman visited me t'other day, who has the justest claim that can be to the use of them; having nothing in his character that can obscure the greatest merit, but the greatest modesty. I communicated my invention, desiring him to make trial of it on the first occasion. He did so, and when I saw him next, gave me leave to publish the following account of its efficacy in my next advertisement. The first time I employed it, said my friend, was in a sort of controversy with a beau; who had contrived means, by the use of his snuff-box, to supply both want of language and of thought. In this manner he prolonged his argument; and really to the company, which consisted of ladies, discovered more sagacity without thinking, than I could do by its assistance. I bethought myself immediately of your instrument, and had recourse to it. I observed in what part of his discourse he most employed his fingers, and had suddenly recourse to mine, with equal emphasis and significance. The art was not discovered, ere I had routed my antagonist; having seated myself in a dark corner, where my operations were not discernible. I observed, that as he found himself more closely pressed, he grew more and more assiduous in his application to his snuff-box, much as an otter closely pursued is forced to throw up bubbles that show his distress. I therefore discovered gradually less and less occasion for speaking; and for thinking, none at all. I played only a flourish in answer to the argument at his finger's ends: and after a while found

him as mortal in this part as in any other. When his cause was just expiring, after a very long pursuit, and many fruitless turnings and evasions in the course of it, I founded my instrument with as much alacrity as a huntsman does his horn on the death of a hare.

The next whom I engaged was a more formidable disputant; and Lown, with a sense of gratitude, that your instrument alone could render me a match for him. His strength of argument was his strength of lungs; and he was, unquestionably, an able antagonist. However, if your machine put me upon a par with him, I think I may say without vanity, that in point of reason I had the upper hand. I shall only add, that as it was habitual for him to answer arguments by vociferation, so it became needless for me to give him any answer of a better kind.

Thus far my friend; I do not question but there will appear artists, that shall undertake to instruct the diffident, the submissive, and the bashful, how to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and risible music; and as there is a kind of humorous laughter, which draws all others into its own vortex, I need not here assert that I would have this branch very much inculcated.

Neither is this instrument of importance in dispute alone, or controversy; but wherever one man's faculties are more prone to laughter than another's. Trifles will burst one man's sides, which will not disturb the features of another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almost as irksome as a lamentation. 'Tis like a peal rung after a wedding; where a whole parish shall be stunned with noise, because they want that occasion to rejoice, which the persons at least imagine to be their lot that occasioned it.

The sounds are pleasing to their ears; who find them comfortable to their own ideas; but those who are not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a stupidifying repetition.

When therefore any mind is not in tune with another's, what strikes his, will not vibrate on mine. All then I have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; which is an operation as artificial as the machine I have been describing.

His strength of argument was his strength of mind; and he was, unquestionably, an able antagonist. However, if your machine put me upon a par with him, I think I may say without vanity, that in point of reason I had the upper hand. I shall only add, that as it was habitual for him to answer arguments by vociferation, so it became needles for me to give him any answer of a better

kind

Thus far my friend, if he not question but there will appear such, that shall undertake to instruct the different, the instructive, and the painful, how to perform the whole system of oratorical and risible antics; and as there is a kind of humorous laughter, which draws all circumstances into its own vortex, I need not here assert that I should have this branch very much improved.

Neither is this instrument of importance in dispute alone, or controversy; but wherever one man's acuties are more prone to laughter than another's. Trifles will pull one man's fibres, which will not disturb the features of another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almost as irksome as a lamentation. 'Tis like a peal rung after a wedding; where a whole parish shall be stunned with noise, because they want that occasion to rejoice, which the persons imagine to be their for that occasioned it.

T H E
HISTORY OF DON PEDRO ****.

THE actions of our lives, even those we call most important, seem as much subject to trifles, as our very lives themselves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves an equal term of life. 'Tis however in the power of the minutest accident, to shorten the one, and disconcert the other. 'Tis with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whose motion may be stopped in the midst of its rapidity, by the interposition of a straw in a particular part of them.

The following translation from the original Spanish, will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion.

Don Pedro **** was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. 'Twas his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to indulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened, as he one day sat in his study, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring spider. The most trivial object (if any natural object can be termed so) served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, 'till he was lost in the excursions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived her so propensate habitation. He found that no violence

could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the center. He observed the road by which she sallied forth, served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength and stability to the work within. He was at once surprised and pleased with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld, in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification: and he often would declare it was this trivial incident, that gave him a relish for that study, which he afterwards pursued with such application and success.

He spent, in short, so much time upon the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice, to complete the fame of his abilities. That, in short, was his next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing, what had been so successful in imagination, and to make those mural sallies, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by testimony of his friends, his qualifications for the post he sought; and, on the first delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king.

This happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity; little agreeable to a person eager of glory, furnished with skill, and conscious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and subtle passion is often most predominant when 'tis least perceived. When it once

prevailed in any great degree, we and our reason grow subservient, and, instead of checking or controlling, stoops to flatter and to authorize it. Instead of undeceiving, she confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds, and smooths the obstructions, which it is her natural province to interpose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste increased his sensibility; and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more visible impressions. The purest spirits are the soonest apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his passions; seduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable schemes.

He had in brief conceived a project, to give his master an universal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmost labour and precision, and intended within a few days to present his project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of affluence; had a large army on foot, together with means and opportunities of raising an immense one. 'T were impossible to answer for the possible events, that might destroy their hopes of such an enterprise. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without some particular interposition of fortune, be attended with success. But fortune did not

put herself to any particular trouble about the matter. Don Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in his fields. He was promised next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation, which might prove of so much consequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along, and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble and to overturn an ant's nest. He cast his eyes upon the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spied the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of sentiment, to be really sorry for what he had done; and, putting himself in their condition, began to reflect upon the consequence. It might be an age to them, ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile, to find the anxiety they underwent for such perishable habitations. Yet he considered that his contempt was only the effect of his own superiority; and that there might be some created beings, to whom his own species must appear as trifling. His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprise, with an eye to such a race of beings. He found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition and vain-glory of an ant would to himself. How ridiculous, he said, must this republic appear to me, could I discern its actions, as it has probably many, that are analogous to those of human nature! Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand. Suppose one, that had acquired a few sands more to his portion, as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley flour, should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals, and to lord

it uncontrolled. Consider him, on this account, not contented to make use of the numerous legs with which Nature has supplied him, borne aloft by a couple of slaves within the hollow of an hulk of wheat, five or six others, at the same time, attending solemnly upon the procession. Suppose lastly, that among this people, the prime minister should persuade the rest to levy war upon a neighbouring colony; and this in order to be stiled the sovereign of two hillocks, instead of one; while perhaps their present condition leaves them nothing to wish besides superfluities. At the same time, it is in the power of the most inconsiderable among mankind, nay of any species of animals superior to their own, to destroy at once the minister and people all together: This is doubtless very ridiculous; yet this is doubtless my own case, in respect to many subordinate beings, and very certainly of the Supreme one. Farewell then, ye air-built citadels! Farewell, visions of unsolid glory! Don Pedro will seek no honour of so equivocal an acceptance, as to degrade his character to a superior species, in proportion as it exalts him before his own.

See here a just conclusion! In short, he found it so fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire: of which whimsical relation it may be well enough observed, that a spider had enslaved the world, had not an ant obstructed his design.

Upon ENVY. To a FRIEND, R. G.

WHENCE is it, my friend, that I feel it impossible to envy you, although, hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do so? for, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more superfluous, to wish you honours to gratify your ambition, than to wish you ambition enough to make your honours satisfactory.

It seems an hard case that envy should be the consequence of merit, at the same time that scorn so naturally attends the want of it. 'Tis however in some measure perhaps an unavoidable (and perhaps in some sense an useful) passion in all the most heroic natures; where, refined through certain strainers, it takes the name of emulation. 'Tis a pain arising in our breasts, on contemplation of the superior advantages of another: and its tendency is truly good, under some certain regulations.

All honour, very evidently, depends upon comparison; and consequently the more numerous are our superiors, the smaller portion of it falls to our share. Considered relatively, we are dwarfs or giants; though considered absolutely, we are neither. However, the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the use of emulation is to excite our diligence in pursuit of power, for the sake of beneficence. The instances of its perversion are obvious to every one's observation. A vicious mind, instead of its own emolument, studies the debasement of his superior. A person, to please one of his cast, must needs divest himself of all useful qualities; and, in order to be beloved, discover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as

the sun itself to the birds of darkness. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of men; and suffer his satisfaction to arise in due proportion to their discontent. Their disapprobation will sufficiently influence every generous bosom in his favour; and I would as implicitly give my applause to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worship those that have been devoured by apes.

This is another perversion of this passion, though of a less enormous nature, when it merely stimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinsic worth. To equal others in the useless parts of learning; to pursue riches for the sake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jockeyship, or cunning at a bett; these, and many other rivalships, answer not the genuine purposes of emulation. I believe the passion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others excellencies. We behold a man possessed of some particular advantage, and we immediately reflect upon its deficiency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accomplishments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms whether we could change situations altogether, I fancy self-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our sentiments remain the same after such an examination, all we can justly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate his detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the same time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depress ourselves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

the sun itself to the birds of darkness. An author may in his own way judge of men; and suffer his satisfaction to arise in

INGENIOUS was the device of those celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, first pretended to a divine inspiration. Peace be to their names; may the turf lie lightly on their breast; and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories? Well knew they, questionless, that a proceeding of this nature must afford an excuse to their modesty, as well as add a weight to their instructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the histories of the best repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to surprising lies. There was indeed a necessary degree of credit, previous to this delight; and there was as necessary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But so it was, that the pleasure rose, in proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale was founded upon a witch or an Egeia; on a rat, a pigeon, the pummel of a sword, a bloated Sibyl, or a three-foot fool.

Of all writers that bear any resemblance to these originals, those who approach the nearest, are such as describe their extraordinary dreams and visions. Of ostentation we may not, peradventure, accuse them who claim to themselves no other than the merit of spectators. Of want of abilities we must not censure them; when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a whitened wall has, in those various figures, which some crafty artist represents thereon.

The first meditation of a solitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. Hapless species, I cried; how

very grossly art thou mistaken! How very supine, while youth permits thee to gain the prize of virtue, by restraint! How very resolute, when thine age leaves nothing to restrain thee! Thou givest a loose to thine inclinations, till they lose their very being; and, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil, are extinguished by indulgence. What folly to dream of virtue, when there is no longer room for self-denial; or, when the enemy expires by sickness, to demand the honour of a triumph!—Musing upon this subject, I fell into a profound slumber; and the vision with which it furnished me, shall supply materials for this essay.

I was, methought, transported into a winding valley, on each side of whose area, so far as my eye could see, were held up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleasing objects either of art or nature. Hills rose one beyond another, crowned with trees, or adorned with edifices; broken rocks contrasted with lawns, and foaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded spires enlivened even the sun-shine; and lonesome ruins, by the side of woods, gave a solemnity to the shade. It would be endless, or rather impossible, to give an idea of the vast variety. It seemed as though people of whatever inclinations might here meet with their favourite object.

While I stood amazed, and even confounded, at so astonishing a landscape; an old man approached towards me, and offered his assistance in alleviating my surprise. You observe, says he, in the middle path, a train of sprightly female pilgrims*, conducted by a matron† of a graver cast. She is habited, as you may observe, in a robe far more plain and simple than that of any amidst her followers. It is her province to restrain her pupils, that the objects

* The passions.

† Reason.

glittering on each side may not seduce them to make excursions, from which they scarce ever find their right way again. You may not, perhaps, suspect the gulfs and precipices, that lie intermixed amidst a scenery so delightful to the eye. You see, indeed, at a considerable distance, the gilt dome of a temple, raised on columns of the whitest marble. I must inform you, that within this temple resides a lady*, weaving wreaths of immortal amaranth for that worthy matron, if she exert her authority; and, as their obedience is more or less entire, she has also garlands of inferior lustre to recompense the ladies in her train.

Your own sagacity, added he, will supply the place of farther instructions; and then vanished in an instant.

The space before me, as it appeared, was crossed by four successive rivers. Over these were thrown as many bridges, and beyond each of these streams the ground seemed to vary its degree of lustre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the side of each of these rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travellers; so that the journey seemed to be portioned into four distinct stages. It is possible that these were meant to represent the periods of a man's life; which may be distinguished by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

During the first stage, our travellers proceeded without much disturbance. Their excursions were of no greater extent than to crop a primrose, or a daisy, that grew on the way-side: And in these their governess indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occasion. But when they arrived at the second period, the case then was

* Virtue, *Reason*

The Passions

greatly altered. The young ladies grew visibly enamoured of the beauties on each side; and the governess began to feel a consciousness of her duty to restrain them. They petitioned clamorously to make one short excursion, and met with a decent refusal. One of them, that visibly shewed herself the greatest vixen and romp * amongst them, had a thousand arts and stratagems to circumvent her well-meaning governess. I must here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that some of the pupils felt greater attractions in one stage, and some in another. And the scene before them, being well variegated with mossy banks and purling streams, frisking lambs and piping shepherds, inspired a longing that was inexpressible, to one that seemed of an amorous complexion. She requested to make a short digression; pointed to the band of shepherds dancing; and, as I observed, presented a glass, through which the matron might distinctly view them. The governess applied the glass, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had with much constancy opposed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands; and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remiss in her discipline; softened the language of dissent; and with a gentle reprimand, suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eye; that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolic. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance; and reason good she had; considering the consequence it gave her

* Love.

pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority. They were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer. Another now took the lead; and, seizing an embroidered handkerchief, completely hoodwinked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement, and confusion. They led their guide along, blindfold, not without proposals of downright murder. They soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should, however, except some few*, who being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the utmost of their inclinations gratified, in trawling up shells from the banks of the river, scooping fossils from the rocks, or preserving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chase, and a grub or beetle was a suitable companion. But to return to the vagabonds.

The lady that performed the feat of blinding her governess, for a time, bore the chief rule; and held the rest in a state of servitude †. She seemed to be indeed formed for that power and grandeur, which was her delight; being of a stature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not but others would sometimes insist upon some temporary gratification. As they shaped their way to a great city, one ‡ would loiter on a bed of roses; another would join the dance of shepherds, and sometimes retire with || one into the covert. A ** third

The Virtuoso-passion, † Ambition, ‡ Indolence,
|| Gallantry. ** Avarice.

would not move a step farther, till she had gathered some ore that was washed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their dissipation was yet more observable. One * intoxicated herself with cordials; another † went in quest of lace and equipage. The ‡ lady, however, at this time the most enterprising, and who (as I mentioned before) had given such a turn to their affairs, discovered a strange fondness herself for lawn and ermine, embroidered stars, and golden collars. However difficult it seemed to reach them, or how little necessary soever they seemed to happiness, these alone engaged her attention; and to these alone her hopes aspired. Nay, she went so far, as, in failure of these, to resolve on misery and wilful wretchedness.

She at length succeeded, at least so far as to find how little they enhanced her happiness; and her former compeers, having ruined their constitutions, were once again desirous to have their queen reign over them. In short, their loyalty regained the ascendant; insomuch that with one consent they removed the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions.

She promised to procure them all the happiness that was consistent with their present state; and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

Our travellers, in a little time after this, passed over the bridge that introduced them to their closing stage: The subjects, very orderly, repentant, and submissive; the governess, more rigid and imperious than ever: The former, withered, decrepid, languishing; the latter in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her a very opposite effect to that it wrought in her

* Ebriety.

† Pride and Vanity.

‡ Ambition.

companions. She seemed, indeed, no more, than
 a feeble creature, insulted and borne away by the
 whims of her companions. She appeared more judi-
 cious in the commands she gave, and more rigorous
 in the execution. In short, both her own activity,
 and the supine lethargy of those whom she conduct-
 ed united to make way for her unlimited authority.
 Now, indeed, a more limited rule might have se-
 cured obedience, and maintained regularity. The
 ladies were but little struck with the glare of objects
 on each side the way. One alone I must except,
 whom I beheld look wishfully, with a retorted eye,
 towards the golden ore washed down by the torrents.
 The governess represented, in the strongest terms,
 that the materials could not be imported into the
 realms they were about to enter. That, were this
 even the case, they could be there of no importance.
 However, she had not extirpated the bias of this
 craving dame, when they approached the temple to
 which I formerly alluded.

The temple stood upon a lofty hill, half encircled
 with trees of never-fading verdure. Between the milk-
 white columns (which were of the Doric order, the
 bases gilt, as also the capitals) a blaze of glory is-
 sued, of such superior lustre, that none beside the
 governess was able to approach it. She indeed, with
 a dejected countenance, drew near unto the goddess;
 who gently waved her hand in the way of saluta-
 tion.

The matron seemed less dazzled, than delighted,
 with her excessive beauty. She accosted her with re-
 verence, and with much diffidence began to men-
 tion their pretension to her favour. "She must
 own, she had been too remiss in the beginning of
 her government; she hoped it would be attri-

“buted to inexperience in the subtle wiles of her
 “fellow-travellers. She flattered herself, that her
 “severity towards the conclusion of her journey
 “might in some sort make atonement for her misbe-
 “haviour in the beginning. Lastly, that she some-
 “times found it impossible to hear the dictates of
 “the goddess amid the clamours of her pupils, and
 “the din of their persuasions.”
 —To this the goddess made reply.

“You have heard,” said she, “no doubt, that
 “the favours I bestow, are by no means consistent
 “with a state of inactivity. The only time when
 “you were allowed an opportunity to deserve them,
 “was the time when your pupils were the most re-
 “fractory and perverse. The honours you expect
 “in my court are proportioned to the difficulty of
 “a good undertaking. May you, hereafter, par-
 “take them, in reward of your more vigorous con-
 “duct: For the present, you are little entitled to
 “any recompense from me. As to your pupils, I
 “observe, they have passed sentence upon them-
 “selves.”

At this instance of time the bell rung for supper,
 and awaked me: I found the gardener by my side,
 prepared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had
 slumbered away the hours, in which I should have
 given him suitable directions: perhaps not very thinking
 that convey reflexions of the pleasing kind.

* Garden-places may perhaps be divided into the fol-
 lowing three, the beautiful, and the melancholy or pensive: to
 which last I know not but we may assign a middle place
 betwixt the former two, as being in some sort composite.
 See Burke's Enquiry.

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS

ON GARDENING.

GARDENING may be divided into three species—kitchen-gardening—parterre-gardening—and landscape, or picturesque-gardening: which latter is the subject intended in the following pages—It consists in pleasing the imagination by scenes of grandeur, beauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no share here, any farther than as it pleases the imagination.

Perhaps the division of the pleasures of imagination, according as they are struck by the great, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my present purpose; why each of them affects us with pleasure may be traced in other authors. See Burke, Hutchinson, Gerard, the theory of agreeable sensations, &c*.

There seems however to be some objects, which afford a pleasure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for instance, may be neither new to us, nor majestic, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleasing melancholy which proceeds from a reflexion on decayed magnificence. For this reason, an able gardener should avail himself of objects, perhaps, not very striking; if they serve to connect ideas, that convey reflexions of the pleasing kind.

* Garden-scenes may perhaps be divided into the sublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or pensive: to which last I know not but we may assign a middle place betwixt the former two, as being in some sort composed of both.

See Burke's *Sublime*.

Objects should indeed be less calculated to strike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-informed imagination, as in painting.

It is no objection to the pleasure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more disagreeable. It is enough that it produces a superiority betwixt things in other respects equal. It seems on some occasions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet, when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleasure equal to more shapely scenes? Thus a series of lawn, though ever so beautiful, may fatigue and cloy, unless the eye passes to them from wilder scenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

Variety appears to me to derive good part of its effect from novelty; as the eye, passing from one form or colour, to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in its present object, which affords immediate satisfaction. Variety however, in some instances, may be carried to such excess as to lose its whole effect. I have observed ceilings so crammed with stucco ornaments, that, although of the most different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A sufficient quantity of undecorated space is necessary to exhibit such decorations to advantage.

Ground should first be considered with an eye to its peculiar character: whether it be the grand, the savage, the sprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of these characters prevail, one may somewhat strengthen its effects, by allowing every part some denomination, and then supporting its title by suitable appendages. For instance, The lover's walk may have assignation seats,

with proper mottoes, ~~and~~ ^{to} faithful lovers, trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

What an advantage must some Italian seats derive from the circumstance of being situate on ground mentioned in the classics! And, even in England, where-ever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more interesting to the imagination. Mottoes should allude to it, columns, &c. record it; verses moralize upon it; and curiosity receive its share of pleasure. In designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house so luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was room for it to resemble an epic or dramatic poem. It is rather to be wished than required, that the more striking scenes may succeed those which are less so.

Taste depends much upon temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer. Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welsh mountains. This occasions the different preferences that are given to situations. A garden strikes us most, where the grand and the pleasing succeed, not intermingle with each other.

I believe, however, the sublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful. I use the words landscape and prospect, the former as expressive of home scenes, the latter of distant images. Prospect should take in the blue distant hills; but never so remotely, that they be not distinguishable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value. Landscape should contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad test, as I

think the landscape painter is the gardener's best designer. The eye requires a sort of balance here; but not so as to encroach upon probable nature; a wood, or hill, may balance a house or obelisk; for exactness would be displeasing. We form opinions from what we have seen; and though, could we comprehend the universe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we see of it habituate our fancy to the contrary.

The eye should always look rather down upon water; customary nature makes this requisite. I know nothing more sensibly displeasing than Mr T——'s flat ground betwixt his terras and his water.

It is not easy to account for the fondness of former times for straight-lined avenues to their houses, straight-lined walks through their woods, and, in short, every kind of straight-line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumstance is one objection. Another, somewhat of the same kind, is the repetition of the same object, tree after tree, for a length of way together. A third is, that this identity is purchased by the loss of that variety, which the natural country supplies every where, in a greater or less degree. To stand still and survey such avenues, may afford some slender satisfaction, through the change derived from perspective; but to move on continually and find no change of scene in the least attendant on our change of place, must give actual pain to a person of taste. For such an one to be condemned to pass along the famous vista * from Moscow to Petersburg, or that other from Agra to Lahor in India, must be as disagreeable a sentence, as to be condemned to labour at the galleys. I conceived some idea of the sensa-

* In Montesquieu, on Taste.

tion he must feel from walking but a few minutes, in a direct line between Lord Dunsany's high-thorn yew hedges, which are exactly parallel, at the distance of about ten feet, and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kind of objects whatsoever. When a building, or other object, has been once viewed from its proper point, the foot should never travel to it by the same path, which the eye has travelled over before. Lose the object, and draw right obliquely; rather look always at the eye.

The side trees in vista's should be so circumstanced as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

Ruined structures appear to derive their power of pleasing from the irregularity of surface, which is variety; and the latitude they afford the imagination, to conceive an enlargement of their dimensions, or to recollect any events or circumstances appertaining to their pristine grandeur, so far as concerns grandeur and solemnity. The breaks in them should be as bold and abrupt as possible. If mere beauty be aimed at, (which however is not their chief excellence), the waving line, with more easy transitions, will become of greater importance. Events relating to them may be simulated by numberless little artifices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and sudden descents are most suitable to castles; and fertile vales, near wood and water, most imitative of the usual situation for abbeys and religious houses; large oaks, in particular, are essential to these latter;

Whole branching arms, and reverend height, admit a dim religious light.

A cottage is a pleasing object, partly on account of the variety it may introduce; on account of the

tranquillity that seems to reign there : and perhaps (I am somewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature :

Longe alterius spectare laborem.

In a scene presented to the eye, objects should never lie so much to the right or left, as to give it any uneasiness in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this disadvantage. They should else never be seen beyond a certain angle. The eye must be easy, before it can be pleased.

No mere slope from one side to the other can be agreeable ground : the eye requires a balance—*i. e.* a degree of uniformity : but this may be otherwise effected, and the rule should be understood with some limitation.

“ —Each alley has its brother,

“ And half the platform just reflects the other.”

Let us examine what may be said in favour of that regularity which Mr Pope exposes. Might he not seemingly as well object to the disposition of an human face, because it has an eye or cheek, that is the very picture of its companion ? Or does not Providence, who has observed this regularity in the external structure of our bodies, and disregarded it within, seem to consider it as a beauty ? The arms, the limbs, and the several parts of them correspond ; but it is not the same case with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is generally solicitous for a kind of balance in a landscape ; and, if I am not mistaken, the painters generally furnish one : a building, for instance, on one side, contrasted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill on the other. Whence then does this taste proceed, but

from the love we bear to regularity and perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, and the figure of water, must be sacred to nature; and no forms must be allowed that make a discovery of art.

All trees have a character analogous to that of men: Oaks are in all respects the perfect image of the manly character: In former times I should have said, and in present times I think I am authorized to say, the British one. As a brave man is not suddenly either elated by prosperity or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it, on his first departure. Add to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches.

A large, branching, aged oak, is perhaps the most venerable of all inanimate objects.

Urns are more solemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if less and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the situation of them should still co-operate with it.

By the way, I wonder that lead statues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not express the finer lines of an human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landscapes, were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A statue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a statue. A statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landscape; the minutest touches are no more essential to it, than a good landscape painter would esteem them were he to represent a statue in his picture.

Vol. IV. M

Apparent art, in its proper province, is almost as important as apparent nature. They contrast agreeably; but their provinces ever should be kept distinct.

Some artificial beauties are so dexterously managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural; some natural ones so extremely fortunate, that one is ready to swear they are artificial.

Concerning scenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The shape of ground, the site of trees, and the fall of water, are nature's province. Whatever thwarts her is treason.

On the other hand, buildings and the works of art need have no other reference to nature than that they afford the *εὐχρησμία* with which the human mind is delighted.

Art should never be allowed to set a foot in the province of nature, otherwise than clandestinely and by night. Whenever she is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromise the difference—night, Gothicism, confusion, and absolute chaos, are come again.

To see one's urns, obelisks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedness of our beloved mistresses, the Naiads and the Dryads, exposed by that ruffian Winter to universal observation; is a severity scarcely to be supported by the help of blazing hearths, cheerful companions, and a bottle of the most grateful Burgundy.

The works of a person that builds begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure, than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at best

begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumstance that suit our taste, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient indeed, if they cause our love of life to take root and flourish with them; whereas the very sameness of our structures will, without the help of dilapidation, serve to wean us from our attachment to them.

It is a custom in some countries to condemn the characters of those (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

The taste of the citizen and of the mere peasant are in all respects the same: the former gilds his halls; paints his stonework and statues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-square or conic; or gives them what he can of the resemblance of birds, or beasts, or men; squirts up his rivulets in jetteaus; in short, admires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expence, or that effects a surprise because it is unnatural. The peasant is his admirer.

It is always to be remembered in gardening, that sublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every scene we see in nature is either tame and insipid, or compounded of those. It often happens that the same ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of sublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixture of each kind. In this case it remains to be considered in which light they can be rendered most remarkable, whether as objects of beauty or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor should not perhaps be wholly disregarded; for certain complexions of soul will prefer an orange tree or a myrtle to an oak or cedar. However, this should not induce a gardener to parcel out a lawn

into knots of shrubbery, or amidst a mountain with a garb of roses. This would be like dressing a giant in a farset gown, or a Saracen's head in a Brussels night-cap. Indeed the small and circular clumps of firs, which I see planted upon some fine large swells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed on an elephant or camel's back. I say, a gardener should not do this, any more than a poet should attempt to write of the King of Prussia in the style of Phillips. On the other side, what would become of Lesbia's sparrow, should it be treated in the same language with the anger of Achilles?

Gardeners may be divided into three sorts, the landscape gardener, the parterre gardener, and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to our first division of gardens.

I have used the word landscape gardeners; because, in pursuance of our present taste in gardening, every good painter of landscape appears to me the most proper designer. The misfortune of it is, that these painters are apt to regard the execution of their work, much more than the choice of subject.

The art of distancing and approximating comes truly within their sphere: the former by the gradual diminution of distinctness, and of size; the latter by the reverse. A straight-lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with yew trees, then firs, then with trees more and more sady, till they end in the almond-willow, or silver osier, will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be increased, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable and truly larger than those at the end of the avenue that are more sady.

For the nearer trees are proportionable and truly larger than those at the end of the avenue that are more sady, and the farther trees are proportionable and truly smaller than those at the end of the avenue that are more sady.

For distance a building, plant, as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different coloured greens. Ever-greens are best for all such purposes; Suppose the outer one of the holly, and the next of laurel, &c. The consequence will be, that the imagination immediately allows a space betwixt these circles, and another betwixt the house and them; and as the imagined space is indeterminate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will not appear inconsiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microscope glass. And on this head, I have known some instances, where, by shewing intermediate ground, the distance has appeared less, than while an hedge or grove concealed it.

Hedges, appearing as such, are universally bad. They discover art in nature's province.

Trees in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more sudden and obvious improvement, than an hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in such manner as to mark out the former hedge.

Water should ever appear as an irregular lake, or winding stream.

Islands give beauty if the water be adequate; but lessen grandeur thro' variety.

It was the wise remark of some sagacious observer, that familiarity for the most part is productive of contempt. Graceless offspring of so amiable a parent! unfortunate beings that we are, whose enjoyments must be either checked, or prove destructive of themselves. Our passions are permitted to sip a little pleasure; but are extinguished by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the

first impressions. Thus, negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty; and hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-fashioned gardens. Art, indeed, is often requisite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but should never be suffered to set her mark upon them. I mean, in regard to those articles that are of nature's province; the shaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the disposition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will soon occur, which, however, she is allowed to regulate, somewhat clandestinely, upon the following account. Man is not capable of comprehending the universe at one survey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be censured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the same, as if, in his present situation, he strove to find amusement in contriving the fabric of an ant's nest, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a sphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a station, proper to give us an universal view; or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and dispositions of the system. We perceive many breaks and blemishes, several neglected and unvariegated places, in the parts which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a snail to be satisfied with the beauty of its pattering, slopes, and terrasses; or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries; as that man should be satisfied, without a single thought that he can improve the spot that falls to his share. But though art be necessary for collecting nature's beauties; by what reason is she authorized

to thwart and to oppose her? why fantastically endeavour to humanize those vegetables, of which nature, discrete nature, thought its proper to make trees? why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily independent upon the soil? Here art seems very affectedly to make a display of that industry which it is her glory to conceal. The stone which represents an ass, is valued only on account of its natural production: nor do we view with pleasure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of Gothic artists. We view with much more satisfaction some plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally but deservingly industrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the shining texture of the silk-worm, but we look on the spiny author, when she thinks proper to emerge, and to disgust us with the appearance of so vile a grub.

But this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the most abject vassal; and had therefore better not appear at all. The case is different where she has the direction of buildings, useful or ornamental; on perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inscribed. Here then it is her interest to be seen as much as possible; and though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contrast her structures furnish, it is not easy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her side, will not repay.

A rural scene to me is never perfect without the addition of some kind of building: indeed I have known a fear of rock-work, in great measure, supply the deficiency. In gardening, it is no small point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by surprise; for instance, by

abrupt transition from their contraries. But to lay a stress upon surprise only; for example, on that surprise occasioned by an alia without including any nobler purpose, is a symptom of bad taste, and a violent fondness for mere conceit.

Grandeur and beauty are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one as you increase the other. Variety is most akin to the latter, simplicity to the former.

Suppose a large hill, varied by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, scars of rock, chalk-quarries, villages, or farm-houses; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful scene, but much less grand than it was before.

In many instances, it is most eligible to compound your scene of beauty and grandeur.——Suppose a magnificent swell arising out of a well-variegated valley; it would be disadvantageous to increase its beauty, by means destructive to its magnificence.

There may possibly, but there seldom happens to be any occasion to fill up valleys with trees or otherwise. It is for the most part the gardener's business to remove trees, or aught that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high.

The hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordshire afford a most beautiful scenery, at the time they are in blossom: but the prospect would be really grander, did it consist of simple foliage. For the same reason a large oak, or beech, in autumn, is a grander object than the same in spring. The sprightly green is then obfuscated.

Smoothness and easy transitions are no small ingredients in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the sublime. Thus

a tapering spire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander.

Many of the different opinions relating to the preference to be given to seats, villas, &c. are owing to want of distinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter please; but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other.

Mr Addison thought an open uninclosed campaign country, formed the best landscape. Somewhat here is to be considered. Large, unvariegated, simple objects have the best pretensions to sublimity; a large mountain, whose sides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then its beauty is proportionably less.

However, I think a plain space near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves; and then the picture, whether you chuse the grand or beautiful, should be held up at its proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and simplicity is essential to grandeur.

Offensive objects, at a proper distance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for instance, stubble, fallow ground——

ON POLITICS.

PERHAPS men of the most different sects and parties very frequently think the same; only vary in their phrase and language. At least, if one examines their first principles, which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candour, to consider the rest as nothing more.

A courtier's dependent is a beggar's dog.

If national reflections are unjust, because there are good men in all nations, are not national wars upon much the same footing?

A government is inexcusable for employing foolish ministers; because they may examine a man's head, though they cannot his heart.

I fancy the proper means of increasing the love we bear to our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one.

The love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in the end pernicious and destructive.

There ought, no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes? Butchers, I believe, were prior.

The whole mystery of a courtly behaviour seems included in the power of making general favours appear particular ones.

A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse.

A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.

Indolence is a kind of centripetal force.

It seems idle to rail at ambition merely because it is a boundless passion; or rather, is not this circumstance an argument in its favour? If one would be employed or amused through life, should we not make choice of a passion that will keep one long in play?

A sportsman of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diversion: A fox, that will support the chase till night, is better game than a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment. E.

The submission of Prince Hal to the civil magistrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conquests of Henry the Fifth in France.

The most animated social pleasure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a successful engagement, or in it: I mean, by such commanders as have souls equal to their occupation. This, however, seems paradoxical, and requires some explanation.

Resistance to the reigning powers is justifiable, upon a conviction that their government is inconsistent with the good of the subject; that our interposition tends to establish better measures; and this without a probability of occasioning evils that may overbalance them. But these considerations must never be separated.

People are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, because they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention—or admiration: Likewise because one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, ex-

cluding accidental circumstances, I believe the largest cities are the most vicious of all others.

Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle size are alone intangled in.

Though I have no sort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candour to make some distinction between the immorality of its abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My Lord Hardwick, in his condemnation-speech, remarks, with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the worst of crimes. And in regard to civil societies, I believe there are none but madmen will dispute it. But surely with regard to conscience, erroneous judgments and ill-grounded convictions may render it some people's duty. Sin does not consist in any deviation from received opinion; it does not depend upon the understanding, but the will. Now, if it appears that a man's opinion has happened to misplace his duty; and this opinion has not been owing to any vicious desire of indulging his appetites—in short, if his own reason, liable to err, have biased his will, rather than his will any way contributed to bias and deprave his reason, he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none besides an earthly tribunal.

A person's right to resist, depends upon a conviction, that the government is ill-managed; that others have more claim to manage it, or will administer it better: That he, by his resistance, can introduce a change to its advantage, and this without any consequential evils that will bear proportion to the said advantage.

Whether this were not in appearance the case of Balmerino, I will not presume to say: how conceived, or from what delusion sprung. But, as I think

he was reputed an honest man in other respects, one may guess his behaviour was rather owing to the misrepresentations of his reason, than to any depravity, perverseness, or disingenuity of his will.

If a person ought heartily to stickle for any cause, it should be that of moderation. Moderation should be his party.

EGOTISMS, FROM MY OWN SENSATIONS.

I.

I HATE maritime expressions, similes, and allusions; my dislike, I suppose, proceeds from the unnaturalness of shipping, and the great share which art ever claims in that practice.

II.

I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

III.

May I always have an heart superior, with economy fuitable, to my fortune!

IV.

Inanimates, toys, utensils, seem to merit a kind of affection from us, when they have been our companions through various vicissitudes. I have often viewed my watch, standish, snuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendship, which there are some men who do not deserve:

“Midst many faithless only faithful found!”

V.

I loved Mr Somerville, because he knew so perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pification of money.

VI.

It is with me in regard to the earth itself, as it is in regard to those that walk upon its surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views of the country as I walk along; but I insensibly chuse to sit where I cannot see two yards before me.

VII.

I begin, too soon in life, to slight the world more than is consistent with making a figure in it. The *non est tanti* of Ovid grows upon me so fast that in a few years I shall have no passion.

VIII.

I am obliged to the person that speaks me fair to my face. I am only more obliged to the man who speaks well of me in my absence also. Should I be asked whether I chose to have a person speak well of me when absent or present? I should answer, the latter; for were all men to do so, the former would be insignificant.

IX.

I feel an avarice of social pleasure, which produces only mortification. I never see a town or city in a map, but I figure to myself many agreeable persons in it, with whom I could wish to be acquainted.

X.

It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels one's self somewhat in the situation of Admiral Hosier.

XI.

It is a miserable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconsistent.

XII.

The modern world considers it as a part of politeness, to drop the mention of kindred in all addresses to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and esteem upon a less partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not suffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation; it serves to connect us closer. Wherever I disesteemed, I would abdicate my first cousin.

XIII.

Circumlocutory, philosophical obscenity appears to me the most nauseous of all stuff: Shall I say it takes away the spirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a *caput mortuum*; or shall I say rather it is a Sir—e in an envelope of fine gilt-paper, which only raises expectation? Could any be allowed to talk obscenely with a grace, it were downright country fellows, who use an unaffected language: But even among these, as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

XIV.

It is some loss of liberty to resolve on schemes before-hand.

XV.

There are a sort of people to whom one would allot good wishes, and perform good offices: but they are sometimes those, with whom one would by no means share one's time.

XVI.

I would have all men elevated to as great an height, as they can discover a lustre to the naked eye.

XVII.

I am surely more inclined (of the two) to pretend a false disdain, than an unreal esteem.

XVIII.

Yet why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-house into an Hampton-court, and where they speak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by comparison.

XIX.

I do not so much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expence of being so: The generality of mankind being seldom in good humour but

whilst they are imposing upon you in some shape or other.

XX.

I cannot avoid comparing the ease and freedom I enjoy, to the ease of an old shoe; where a certain degree of shabbiness is joined with the convenience.

XXI.

Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese language, seems half so difficult to me as the language of refusal.

XXII.

I actually dream'd that somebody told me I must not print my pieces separate. That certain stars would, if single, be hardly conspicuous, which, united in a narrow compass, form a very splendid constellation.

XXIII.

The ways of ballad-singers, and the cries of half-penny-pamphlets, appeared so extremely humorous from my lodgings in Fleet-street, that it gave me pain to observe them without a companion to partake. For alas, laughter is by no means a solitary entertainment.

XXIV.

Had I a fortune of eight or ten thousand pounds a-year, I would, methinks, make myself a neighbourhood. I would first build a village with a church, and people it with inhabitants of some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round. I would then, at proper distances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thousand pounds a-piece, and amuse myself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These would I people with a select number of well-chosen friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred

pounds for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The house, of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant. — How plausible soever this may appear in speculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded upon the inconvenient consequences of it, when put in execution.

XXV.

I think I have observed universally, that the quarrels of friends, in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. *Male sarta gratia nequicquam exit, et rescinditur.* A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancour, towards the latter part of life.

XXVI.

There is nothing, to me, more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration every silly speech that falls from a mere person of rank and fortune. It is *crambe bis colla* — The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shews the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider fortune as the goddess of wit.

XXVII.

What pleasure it is to pay one's debts! I remember to have heard Sir T. Lytleton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness, which a bad spirit feels from dependence and

obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection; It promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound oeconomy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

XXVIII.

It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, upon the score of prudence) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place. And this may be best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having the same number of friends at least, if not an enemy the less. Such a method of proceeding should, I think, be as regularly observed, as the distribution of vacant ribands, upon the death of Knights of the Garter.

XXIX.

It has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy reconciliation with a person, whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart; but where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge; to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

XXX.

I have been formerly so silly as to hope, that every servant I had might be made a friend; I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally

bears a contrary tendency. Peoples characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: Birth itself does but little. Kings in general are born with the same propensities as other men; but yet it is probable, from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open and honest hearts: but I know not one, that has had the least practice, who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience, and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear. There are however some exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.

Extreme elegance in dress is altogether expressed by the more elegant terms. They ought to be distinguished from the vulgar; it is not other words, but the choice of the words, that the speaker may move strongly in the appearance of the gentleman.

It is a point out of the question, whether there are most property in the man's dress, and the man of that of the man's dress.

I think, all things, or at least a little longer, people should dress in a way that is most likely to procure the love of the opposite sex.

VI

There are many modes of dress, which the world esteems handsome, which are by no means calculated to shew the human figure to advantage.

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DRESS, I. like writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application. On this account, I have seen parts of dress, in themselves extremely beautiful, which at the same time subject the wearer to the character of foppishness and affectation.

II. A man's dress in the former part of life should rather tend to set off his person, than to express riches, rank, or dignity: In the latter, the reverse.

III. Extreme elegance in liveries, I mean such as is expressed by the more languid colours, is altogether absurd. They ought to be rather gaudy than genteel; if for no other reason, yet for this, that elegance may more strongly distinguish the appearance of the gentleman.

IV. It is a point out of doubt with me, that the ladies are most properly the judges of the men's dress, and the men of that of the ladies.

V. I think, till thirty, or with some a little longer, people should dress in a way that is most likely to procure the love of the opposite sex.

VI. There are many modes of dress, which the world esteems handsome, which are by no means calculated to shew the human figure to advantage.

VII.

Love can be founded upon nature only; or the appearance of it.—For this reason, however a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers.

VIII.

A rich dress adds but little to the beauty of a person. It may possibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love:

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et amor.* Ovid.

IX.

Simplicity can scarce be carried too far; provided it be not so singular as to excite a degree of ridicule. The same caution may be requisite in regard to the value of your dress; though splendour be not necessary, you must remove all appearance of poverty; the ladies being rarely enough sagacious to acknowledge beauty through the disguise of poverty. Indeed, I believe sometimes they mistake grandeur of dress, for beauty of person.

X.

A person's manner is never easy, whilst he feels a consciousness that he is fine. The country-fellow, considered in some lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is dress'd on Sundays, with a large nose-gay in his bosom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is then he acts with ease, and thinks himself equal to his apparel.

XI.

When a man has run all lengths himself with regard to dress, there is but one means remaining,

which can add to his appearance. And this consists in having recourse to the utmost plainness of his own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his foot-man or his horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil: Where somewhat is left to be supplied by the spectator's and reader's imagination.

XII.

Methinks, apparel should be rich in the same proportion as it is gay: It otherwise carries the appearance of somewhat unsubstantial: in other words, of a greater desire than ability to make a figure.

XIII.

Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may increase their own beauty.

XIV.

I cannot see why a person should be esteemed haughty, on account of his taste for fine clothes, any more than one who discovers a fondness for birds, flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influences both to seek amusement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that a person may love splendour without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taste, but when a person demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits. Then it ceases to be taste, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this essential distinction. When one means remaining

XV.

The first instance an officer gives you of his courage, consists in wearing clothes infinitely superior to his rank.

XVI.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and its appendages, are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit: and it was from hence, I presume, that Quin asserted he could not afford to go plain.

XVII.

There are certain shapes and physiognomies of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarce win respect, even in the country, though they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit-cloath.

XVIII.

A large retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity.

XIX.

Why are perfumes so much decried? when a person on his approach diffuses them, does he not revive the idea which the ancients ever entertained concerning the descent of superior beings, "veiled in a cloud of fragrance."

XX.

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with shew or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.

WRITING AND BOOKS.

I.

FINE writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style.

II.

Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.

III.

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

IV.

Instead of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their mistresses, if poets would address the same to their Muse, they would act more agreeably to nature and to truth.

V.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

VI.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam Viribus.

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that should have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

VII.

There is no word in the Latin language, that signifies a female friend. *Amica* means a mistress:

and perhaps there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

VIII.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

IX.

One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he stoops; and, induced by this circumstance, aspire to measure height with him.

X.

The national opinion of a book or treatise is not always right—*est ubi peccat*.—Milton's *Paradise Lost* is one instance. I mean, the cold reception it met with at first.

XI.

Perhaps an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as unaccountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility; sensibility strengthens passion; and passion makes people humourists.

Yet a person of genius is often expected to shew more discretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greatest impediment. This happens for want of distinguishing betwixt the fanciful talents and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiscriminately give the denomination of a man of genius.

XII.

An actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play, nor a musician by playing on a bad instrument.

XIII. Poets seem to have fame, in lieu of most temporal advantages. They are too little formed for business, to be respected; too often feared or envied, to be beloved.

XIV. Tully ever seemed an instance to me, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a spirited writer.

XV. One would rather be a stump of laurel than the stump of a church-yard yew-tree.

XVI. *Deferre more ferre.* Virg. Vanburgh seems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miss Hoyden envying the liberty of a greyhound bitch.

XVII. There is a certain flimsiness of poetry, which seems expedient in a song.

XVIII. Dido, as well as Desdemona*, seems to have been a mighty admirer of strange atchievements:

*Hen! quibus ille
factatus fatis! que bella exhausta canebar!
Si mihi non, &c.*

This may shew that Virgil, Shakespeare, and Shaftesbury agreed in the same opinion.

XIX. It is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friend for the sake of a joke. Candour may discover, that it is their greater degree of the love of fame, not the less degree of their benevolence, which is the cause.

P. 2. Lord Shaftesbury

XX.X

People in high or in distinguished life ought to have a greater circumspection in regard to their most trivial actions. For instance, I saw Mr Pope—and what was he doing when you saw him?—why, to the best of my memory, he was picking his nose.

XXI.

Even Joe Miller in his jests has an eye to poetical justice; he generally gives the victory or turns the laugh on the side of merit. No small compliment to mankind!

XXII.

To say a person writes a good style, is originally as pedantic an expression as to say he plays a good fiddle.

XXIII.

The first line of Virgil seems to patter like an hail-storm—*Tityre, tu patula, &c.*

XXIV.

The vanity and extreme self love of the French is no where more observable than in their authors; and among these, in none more than Boileau; who, besides his rhodomontades, preserves every the most insipid reading in his notes, though he have removed it from the text for the sake of one ever so much better.

XXV.

The writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the *genteel* in style and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shaftesbury; then Mr Addison and Dr Swift.

A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

XXVI.

Long periods and short seem analogous to Gothic and modern stair-cases: the former were of such a size as our heads and legs could barely command; the latter such, that they might command half a dozen.

I think nothing truly poetic, at least no poetry worth composing, that does not strongly affect one's passions: and this is but slenderly effected by fables, allegories, and lies:

Incredulus odi. Hor.

XXVII.

A preface very frequently contains such a piece of criticism, as tends to countenance and establish the peculiarities of the piece.

XXVIII.

I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality.

XXIX.

It is obvious to discover that imperfections of one kind have a visible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr Pope's bodily disadvantages must incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foresaw that he must have languished in obscurity. The advantages of person are a good deal essential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr Pope, by an unweary application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but also of the ladies.

XXX.

Pope, I think, never once mentions Prior; tho' Prior speaks so handsomely of Pope in his *Alma*. One might imagine that the latter, indebted as he

was to the former for such numberless beauties, should have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words, to some modification of selfishness.

XXXI.

Virgil never mentions Horace, though indebted to him for two very well-natured compliments.

XXXII.

Pope seems to me the most correct writer since Virgil; the greatest genius only, since Dryden.

XXXIII.

No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in a judicious choice of his poetical subjects.

XXXIV.

Pope's talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally enough term the *condensation of thoughts*. I think, no other English poet ever brought so much sense into the same number of lines, with equal smoothness, ease, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts of this peruse his Essay on Man with attention. Perhaps, this was a talent from which he could not easily have swerved: perhaps, he could not have sufficiently rarified his thoughts to produce that fineness which is required in a ballad or love-song. His monster of Ragusa and his translations from Chaucer have some little tendency to invalidate this observation.

XXXV.

I durst not have censured Mr. Pope's writings in his life time, you say. True. A writer surrounded with all his fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a man in armour attacking another in his night-gown and slippers.

XXXVI.
Pope's religion is often found very advantageous to his descriptive talents, as it is no doubt embellished with the most pompous scenes and ostentatious imagery: for instance,

of "When from the censer clouds of" &c.

XXXVII.

Pope has made the utmost advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pause with the utmost success;

"Die and endow a college or a cat," &c.

It is an easy kind of beauty. Dryden seems to have borrowed it from Spencer.

XXXVIII.

Pope has published fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous.

XXXIX.

It is no doubt extremely possible to form an English prosody; but to a good ear it were almost superfluous, and to a bad one useless; this last being, I believe, never joined with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit; it may be connected with sound judgment; but is surely never united with taste, which is the life and soul of poetry.

XL.

Rhymes, in elegant poetry, should consist of syllables that are long in pronunciation; such as "are, ear, ire, ore, you;" in which a nice ear will find more agreeableness than in these, "goat, net, knit, knot, nut."

XLI.

There is a vast beauty (to me) in using a word of a particular nature in the eighth and ninth syllables

of an English verse. I mean, what is virtually a dactyl. For instance,

“And pikes, the tyrants of the wat’ry plains.”

Let any person of an ear substitute “liquid” instead of “wat’ry,” and he will find the disadvantage. Mr Pope (who has improved our versification through a judicious disposition of the pause) seems not enough aware of this beauty.

XLII.

As to the frequent use of alliteration, it has probably had its day.

XLIII.

It has ever a good effect when the stress of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice most naturally pronounces with an emphasis.

I nunc et versus tecum meditare, &c. Hor.

Quam vellent aethere in alto

Nunc et pauperiem, &c.

Virg.

O fortunati, quorum jam mœnia, &c. Virg.

At regina gravi jamdudum, &c.

Virg.

Virgil, whose very metre appears to affect one’s passions, was a master of this secret.

XLIV.

There are numbers in the world who do not want sense to make a figure, so much as an opinion of their own abilities to put them upon recording their observations, and allowing them the same importance which they do to those which others print.

XLV.

A good writer cannot with the utmost study produce some thoughts, which will flow from a bad one

with ease and precipitation. The reverse is also true. A bad writer, &c.

XLVI.

“Great wits have short memories” is a proverb, and, as such, has undoubtedly some foundation in nature. The case seems to be, that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumstances, which make no slight impression in every-day minds. But sure it will be found that all wit depends on memory; *i. e.* on the recollection of passages, either to illustrate or contrast with any present occasion. It is probably the fate of a common understanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of those things which almost every one remembers renders his case the more remarkable, and this explains the mystery.

XLVII.

Prudes allow no quarter to such ladies as have fallen a sacrifice to the gentle passions; either because themselves, being borne away by the malignant ones, perhaps never felt the other so powerful as to occasion them any difficulty; or because no one has tempted them to transgress that way themselves. It is the same case with some critics, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers.

XLVIII.

It seems with wit and good nature, *Utrum horum maior accipe*. Taste and good nature are universally connected.

XLIX.

Voiture's compliments to ladies are honest on account of their excess.

Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

LII.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does an highwayman's in regard to money.

LIII.

There is nothing exerts a genius so much as writing plays: the reason is, that the writer puts himself in the place of every person that speaks.

LIV.

Perfect characters in a poem make but little better figure than regular hills, perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and level sheets of water, in the formation of a landscape. The reason is, they are not natural, and moreover want variety.

LV.

Trifles discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the discovery of a man's character, to say he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his sleeve.

LVI.

A grammarian speaks of first and second person: a poet of Celia and Corydon: a mathematician of

A and B: a lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quintessence of pedantry!

LVII.

Shakespeare makes his very bombast answer his purpose, by the persons he chuses to utter it.

LVIII.

A poet, till he arrives at thirty, can see no other good than a poetical reputation. About that era, he begins to discover some other.

LIX.

The plan of Spencer's Fairy Queen appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, though very extensive, yet somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one considers the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has some advantages, though in many respects exceptionable. His good nature is visible through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the Pagan and Christian scheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting simultaneously) wholly inexcusable. Much art and judgment are discovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain some doubt whether the perusal of his monstrous descriptions be not as prejudicial to true taste, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spencer, to be sure, expands the last; but then he expands it beyond its due limits. After all, there are many favourite passages in his Fairy Queen, which will be instances of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.

LX.

A poet, that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white-wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

LXI. People of fortune, perhaps; covet the acquaintance of established writers, not so much upon account of the social pleasure, as the credit of it; the former would induce them to chuse persons of less capacities, and tempers more conformable.

LXII. Language is to the understanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage. But a person may be superior to another in understanding, that has not an equal dignity of expression; and a man may boast an handsomer figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

LXIII. The words "no more" have a singular pathos; reminding us at once of past pleasure and the future exclusion of it.

LXIV. Every single observation that is published by a man of genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance; because he speaks from his own impressions; whereas common men publish common things, which they have, perhaps, gleaned from frivolous writers.

LXV. It is providential that our affection diminishes in proportion as our friends power encreases. Affection is of less importance whenever a person can support himself. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favourite. We may trace the same law throughout the animal creation.

LXVI. The time of life when fancy predominates, is youth; the season when judgment decides best, is

age. Poets, therefore, are always, in respect of their disposition, younger than other persons to a circumstance that gives the latter part of their lives some inconsistency. The cool phlegmatic tribe discover it in the former.

LXVII.

One sometimes meets with instances of genteel abruption in writers: but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For instance, (after Falstaff's disappointment serving Shallow at court),

"Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds"—

Shakespeare.

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own infliction;

"Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand pounds in preparations."

After the detail of King John's abject submission to the Pope's legate:

"Now John was hated and despised before."

But, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken from the Scripture (conclusion of a chapter in St John);

"Now Barabbas was a robber."

LXVIII.

A poet hurts himself by writing prose; as a race-horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.

LXIX.

The superior politeness of the French is in nothing more discernible than in the phrases used by them and us to express an affair being in agitation. The

former says, *sur la tapis*; the latter, "upon the
"auvil." Does it not show also the sincerity and
serious face with which we enter upon business, and
the negligent and jaunty air with which they per-
form even the most important?

LXX.

There are two qualities adherent to the most in-
genious authors: I do not mean without exception.
A decent pride that will admit of no servility, and a
sheepish bashfulness that keeps their worth conceal-
ed: The *superbia quaesita meritis*, and the *malus*
 pudor, of Horace. The one will not suffer them
to make advances to the great; the other disguises
that merit for which the great would seek out them.
Add to these the frequent indolence of speculative
tempers.

LXXI.

A poetical genius seems the most elegant of youth-
ful accomplishments; but it is entirely a youthful
one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behaviour, spright-
liness of dress, and a blooming aspect, conspire very
amicably to their mutual embellishment; but the
poetic talent has no more to do with age, than it
would avail his Grace of Canterbury to have a knack
at country dances, or a genius for a catch.

LXXII.

The most obsequious Muses, like the fondest and
most willing courtezans, seldom leave us any rea-
son to boast much of their favours.

LXXIII.

If you writ an original piece, you wonder no one
ever thought of the best of subjects before you; if a
translation, of the best authors.

LXXIV.

The antient poets seem to value themselves greatly
upon their power of perpetuating the fame of their

cotemporaries. Indeed the circumstance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying some of their vain-glorious prophecies. Otherwise, the historians appear more equal to the task of conferring immortality. An history will live, though written ever so indifferently; and is generally less suspected, than the rhetorick of the Muses.

LXXV.

I wonder authors do not discover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory address, than to the title-page. It is perhaps for the sake of an F. R. S. or an LL. D. at the end of it.

LXXVI.

It should seem, the many lies, discernible in books of travels, may be owing to accounts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the English, from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey * a strange idea of the English understanding.

LXXVII.

Might not the poem on the Seasons have been rendered more *uni*, by giving out the design of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards considering all the varieties of season as means aiming at one end?

LXXVIII.

Critics must excuse me, if I compare them to certain animals called *asses*; who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

LXXIX.

Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold.

Missionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that dislikes them.

LXXX.

We want a word to express the *hospes* or *hospita* of the antients; among them, perhaps, the most respectable of all characters; yet with us translated "host," which we apply also to an inn-keeper. Neither have we any word to express *amica*, as if we thought a woman always was somewhat more or less than a friend.

LXXXI.

I know not where any Latin author uses *ignotus* otherwise than as "obscure persons," as the modern phrase implies, "whom nobody knows." Yet it is used differently on Mrs L———'s monument.

LXXXII.

The philosopher, who considered the world as one vast animal, could esteem himself no other than a louse upon the back of it.

LXXXIII.

Orators and stage-coachmen, when the one wants arguments and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cause and their coaches with rhetoric and flower-pots.

LXXXIV.

It is idle to be much assiduous in the perusal of inferior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the true taste in composition; and a person's own imagination should be able to supply the rest.

In the same manner, it is superfluous to pursue inferior degrees of fame. One truly splendid action, or one well-finished composition, includes more than all the results from more trivial performances: I mean this for persons who make fame their only motive.

Very few sentiments are proper to be put in a person's mouth, during the first attack of grief.

Every thing disgusts, but mere simplicity; the scriptural writers describe their heroes using only some such phrase as this: "Alas! my brother!" "O Absalom my son! my son!" &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuse, but at the same time entirely simple.

Angling is literally described by Martial:

—tremula pisces deducere seta.

From *istum fœdus* seems to come the English phrase and custom of striking a bargain.

I like Ovid's Amours better than his Epistles. There seems a greater variety of natural thoughts: whereas, when one has read the subject of one of his epistles, one foresees what it will produce in a writer of his imagination.

The plan of his Epistles, for the most part, well designed—The answers of Sabinus, nothing.

Necessity may be the mother of lucrative invention; but is the death of poetical.

If a person suspects his phrase to be somewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he should accustom himself to compose in blank verse: but let him be much upon his guard against Ancient Pistol's phraseology.

Providence seems altogether impartial in the dispensation which bestows riches upon one and a contempt of riches upon another.

Respect is the general end for which riches, power, place, title, and fame, are implicitly desired. When one is possessed of the end through any one of these means, is it not wholly unphilosophical to covet the remainder?

Lord Shaftesbury, in the genteel management of some familiar ideas, seems to have no equal. He discovers an eloignement from vulgar phrases much

becoming a person of quality. His Sketches should be studied, like those of Raphael. His Enquiry is one of the shortest and clearest systems of morality.

The question is, whether you distinguish me, because you have better sense than other people; or whether you seem to have better sense than other people, because you distinguish me.

One feels the same kind of disgust in reading Roman history, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too easily foresee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman, are too seldom overcome.

The elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conspicuous than in their answers to ambassadors.

There is an important omission in most of our grammar-schools, through which what we read, either of fabulous or real history, leaves either faint or confused impressions. I mean the neglect of old geographical maps. Were maps of antient Greece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in use there, the knowledge we there acquire would not want to be renewed afterwards, as is now generally the case.

A person of a pedantic turn will spend five years in translating, and contending for the beauties, of a worse poem than he might write in five weeks himself. There seem to be authors who wish to sacrifice their whole character of genius to that of learning.

Boileau has endeavoured to prove, in one of his admirable satires, that man has no manner of pretence to prefer his faculties before those of the brute creation. Oldham has translated him: My Lord Rochester has imitated him: And even Mr Pope declares,

“That, reason raise o’er instinct how you can,
“In this ’tis God directs; in that ’tis man.”

Indeed, the Essay on Man abounds with illustrations of this maxim; and 'tis amazing to find how many plausible reasons may be urged to support it. It seems evident that our itch of reasoning, and spirit of curiosity, precludes more happiness than it can possibly advance. What numbers of diseases are entirely artificial things, far from the ability of a brute to contrive! We disrelish and deny ourselves cheap and natural gratifications, through speculative preferences and doubts about the future. We cannot discover the designs of our Creator. We should learn then of brutes to be easy under our ignorance, and happy in those objects that seem intended, obviously, for our happiness: not overlook the flowers of the garden, and foolishly perplex ourselves with the intricacies of the labyrinth.

I wish but two editions of all books whatsoever; one of the simple text, published by a society of able hands; another with the various readings and remarks of the ablest commentators.

To endeavour, all one's days, to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

If one would think with philosophers, one must converse but little with the vulgar. These, by their very number, will force a person into a fondness for appearance, a love of money, a desire of power; and other plebeian passions: objects which they admire, because they have no share in, and have not learning to supply the place of experience.

Livy, the most elegant and principal of the Roman historians, was, perhaps, as superstitious as the most unlearned plebeian. We see, he never is destitute of appearances, accurately described and solemnly asserted, to support particular events by the interposition of exploded deities. The puerile at-

attention to chicken-feeding in a morning. And then a piece of gravity: *Parva sunt hæc, sed parva ista non contemnenda; majores nostri maximam hæc sem fecerunt.*

It appears from the Roman historians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet *felix* seems ever to imply a favourite of the gods. I am mistaken, or modern Rome has generally acted in an opposite manner. Numbers amongst them have been canonized upon the single merit of misfortunes.

How different appears ancient and modern dialogue, on account of the superficial subjects upon which we now generally converse! add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which some kings clog and encumber conversation.

The celebrated boldness of an eastern metaphor is, I believe, sometimes allowed it for the inconsiderable similitude it bears to its subject.

The style of letters, perhaps, should not rise higher than the style of refined conversation.

Love-verses written without real passion, are often the most nauseous of all conceits. Those written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful season of youth, and poetry, and love.

Virgil gives one such excessive pleasure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the most perfect harmony of metre, with the most pleasing ideas or images:

Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem;

And,

Argentum Pariusve lapis—

With a thousand better instances.

Nothing tends so much to produce drunkenness, or even madness, as the frequent use of parentheses in conversation.

Few greater images of impatience, than a general seeing his brave army over-matched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to see his ally approach with forces to his assistance. See *Shakspeare*.

“When my dear Percy, when my heart’s dear Harry,

“Cast many a northward look to see his father
“Bring up his powers—but he did look in vain.”

B O O K S, &c.

SIMILIES, drawn from odd circumstances and effects strangely accidental, bear a near relation to false wit. The best instance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller :

“ He grasp’d at love, and fill’d his hand with
bays.”

Virgil discovers less wit, and more taste, than any writer in the world—Some instances :

—*longumque bibebat amorem.*

What Lucretius says of the *edita doctrina sapientum templa*—“ the temples of philosophers”—appears in no sense more applicable than to a snug and easy chariot :

*Dispicere unde quas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes querere vita.*

j. e. From whence you may look down upon foot-passengers, see them wandering on each side you, and pick their way through the dirt.

Seriously ;

“ From learning’s tow’ring height to gaze around,
“ And see plebeian spirits range below.”

There is a sort of masonry in poetry, wherein the pause represents the joints of building ; which ought in every line and course to have their disposition varied.

The difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taste is chiefly this. The former is negligent what ideas he introduces, so he joins them surprising-ly. The latter is principally careful what images he

introduces, and studies simplicity rather than surprise in his manner of introduction.

It may in some measure account for the difference of taste in the reading of books, to consider the difference of our ears for music. One is not pleased without a perfect melody of style, be the sense what it will: another, of no ear for music, gives to sense its full weight, without any deduction on account of harshness.

Harmony of period and melody of style have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we pass upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what text of scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones.

I wonder the ancient mythology never shews Apollo enamoured of Venus; considering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose; the most harmonious bird of the fairest and most delightful flower.

Hope is a flatterer; but the most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

What is termed humour in prose, I conceive, would be considered as burlesque in poetry: of which instances may be given.

Perhaps burlesque may be divided into such as turns chiefly upon the thought, and such as depends more upon the expression: or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed in language much above or below their dignity.

The Splendid Shilling of Mr Phillips, and the Hudibras of Butler, are the most obvious instances.

Butler, however, depended much upon the ludicrous effect of his double rhymes. In other respects, to declare my own sentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humorous one.

Scenes below verse, merely versified, lay claim to a degree of humour.

Swift in poetry deserves a place somewhere between Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epistles and satires. I believe, few people discover less humour in *Don Quixote* than myself. For beside the general sameness of adventure, whereby it is easy to foresee what he will do on most occasions, it is not so easy to raise a laugh from the wild achievements of a madman. The natural passion in that case is pity, with some small portion of mirth at most. Sancho's character is indeed comic; and, were it removed from the romance, would discover how little there was of humour in the character of *Don Quixote*.

It is a fine stroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, sick of his government, makes no answer to his comforters, but aims directly at his shoes and stockings.

OF MEN AND MANNERS.

I.

THE arguments against pride drawn so frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumstances, and catastrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and insignificant. Man is not proud as a species, but as an individual; not as comparing himself with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

II.

I have often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableness, in regard to proportion, colour, &c. from their own persons.

III.

It is happy enough that the same vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our constitution, that the one may not survive the other.

IV.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

V.

The word *folly* is, perhaps, the prettiest word in the language. *Amusement* and *diversion* are good well-meaning words: But *pastime* is what never should be used but in a bad sense; it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass the time away.

VI.

Dancing in the rough is one of the most natural expressions of joy, and coincides with jumping.

When it is regulated, it is merely *cum ratione insani-
sanire*.

VII.

A plain, down-right, open-hearted fellow's conversation is as insipid, says Sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amusement of thinking.

VIII.

The fortunate have many parasites: Hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

IX.

A man of genius mistaking his talent loses the advantage of being distinguished; a fool of being undistinguished.

X.

Jealousy is the fear or apprehension of superiority: Envy our uneasiness under it.

XI.

What some people term freedom is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

XII.

I cannot see why people are ashamed to acknowledge their passion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

XIII.

The ridicule with which some people affect to triumph over their superiors, is as though the moon under an eclipse should pretend to laugh at the sun.

XIV.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are shewing you the grounds of it.

XV.

I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people, in the same light as I do a loaded gun; which may by accident go off and kill one.

XVI.

I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

XVII.

Many persons, when exalted, assume an insolent humility, who behaved before with an insolent haughtiness.

XVIII.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

XIX.

Men of fine parts, they say, are often proud; I answer, dull people are seldom so, and both act upon an appearance of reason.

XX.

It was observed of a most accomplished lady, that she was withal so very modest, that one sometimes thought she neglected the praises of her wit, because she could depend on those of her beauty; at other times, that she slighted those of her beauty, knowing she might rely on those of her wit.

XXI.

The only difference betwixt wine and ale seems to be that of chemic and galenic medicines.

XXII.

It is the reduplication or accumulation of compliments, that gives them their agreeableness: I mean when, seeming to wander from the subject, you return to it again with greater force. As a common

instance: "I wish it was capable of a precise demonstration how much I esteem, love, and honour you, beyond all the rich, the gay, the great, of this sublunary sphere: but I believe that both divines and laymen will agree that the sublimest and most valuable truths are oftentimes least capable of demonstration."

XXIII.

It is a noble piece of policy that is used in some arbitrary governments (but suitable to none other) to insil it into the minds of the people that their Great Duke knoweth all things.

XXIV.

In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

XXV.

Pride and modesty are sometimes found to unite together in the same character: and the mixture is as salutary as that of wine and water. The worst combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obstructs the good that pride eventually produces. What I mean is, expence.

XXVI.

A great many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flourishes, put one in mind of a lark's descent to the ground.

XXVII.

People frequently use this expression, "I am inclined to think so and so;" not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

XXVIII.

The first part of a news-paper which an ill-natured man examines, is, the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality.

XXIX. The chief thing which induces men of sense to use airs of superiority, is the contemplation of combs; that is conceited fools; who would otherwise run a way with the men of sense's privileges.

XXX.

To be entirely engrossed by antiquity, and as it were eaten up with rust, is a bad compliment to the present age.

XXXI.

Ask to borrow sixpence of the Muses, and they tell you at present they are out of cash; but hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds.

XXXII.

The argument against restraining our passions, because we shall not always have it in our power to gratify them, is much stronger for their restraint than it is for their indulgence.

XXXIII.

Few men, that would cause respect and distance merely, can say any thing by which their end will be so effectually answered as by silence.

XXXIV.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

XXXV.

One may, modestly enough, calculate one's appearance for respect upon the road, where respect and convenience so remarkably coincide.

XXXVI.

Although a man cannot procure himself a title at pleasure, he may vary the appellation he goes by,

considerably. As, from Tom, to Mr Thomas, to Mr Musgrove, to Thomas Musgrove, Esquire. And this by a behaviour of reserve, or familiarity.

XXXVII.

For a man of genius to condescend in conversation with vulgar people, gives the sensation that a tall man feels on being forced to stoop in a low room.

XXXVIII.

There is nothing more universally prevalent than flattery. Persons, who discover the flatterer, do not always disapprove him, because he imagines them considerable enough to deserve his applications. It is a tacit sort of compliment, that he esteems them to be such as it is worth his while to flatter :

“ And when I tell him he hates flattery,

“ He says he does, being then most flattered.”

Shakespeare.

XXXIX.

A person has sometimes more public than private merit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for their ancestor; but that of all the world was internal and sincere.

Your plain and domestic people, who talk of their humility and home-felt satisfactions, will in the same breath discover how much they envy a shining character. How is this consistent?

You are prejudiced, says Pedanticus; I will not take your word, or your character of that man. But the grounds of my prejudice are the source of my accusation.

A proud man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reason is, the former pays a greater compliment in his condescension, than

The situation of a king is so far from being miserable, as pedants term it, that, if a person have magnanimity, it is the happiest I know; as he has assuredly the most opportunities of distinguishing merit, and conferring obligations.

XL.

Contemptus dominus splendidior rei.

A man, a gentleman, evidently appears more considerable by seeming to despise his fortune, than a citizen and mechanic by his endeavours to magnify it.

XLI.

What man of sense, for the benefit of coal-mines, would be plagued with colliers conversation?

XLII.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

XLHI.

Third thoughts often coincide with the first, and are generally best grounded. We first relish nature, and the country; then artificial amusements and the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again.

XLIV.

While we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions, is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as to pass an useless and insipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

XLV.

Anger and the thirst of revenge are a kind of fever: Fighting, and law-suits, bleeding; at least, an evacuation. The latter occasions a dissipation of money; the former, of those fiery spirits which cause a preternatural fermentation.

XLVI.

Were a man of pleasure to arrive at the full extent of his several wishes, he must immediately feel himself miserable. It is one species of despair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness.

His following wish must then be to wish he had some fresh object for his wishes: A strong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active.

XLVII.

I have seen one evil underneath the sun, which gives me particular mortification.

The reserve or shyness of men of sense generally confines them to a small acquaintance; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the similarity of whose tastes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondest friends.

XLVIII.

A mere relater of matters of fact, is fit only for an evidence in a court of justice.

XLIX.

If a man be of superior dignity to a woman, a woman is surely as much superior to a man that is effeminated. Lilly's rule in the grammar has well enough adjusted this subordination. "The masculine line is more worthy than the feminine, and the feminine more worthy than the neuter."

LX.

A gentleman of fortune will be often complaining of taxes; that his estate is inconsiderable; that he can never make so much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to shew his riches: says, that he employs so many hands; he keeps his wife a chaise and one; and talks much of his Chinese ornaments at his paltry cake-house in the country. They both aim at praise, but of a very distinct kind. Now, supposing the cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the gentleman surely chuses the better method of ostentation, who considers himself as somewhat superior to his fortune, than he who seems to look up at his fortune, and consequently sets himself beneath it.

LI.

The only kind of revenge which a man of sense need take upon a scoundrel, is, by a series of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and esteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animosity, by declining a reconciliation: As Sir John Falstaff might say, "turning even quarrels to commodity."

LII.

It is possible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a priest, to unite a man and woman; but of all associations the most effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave. They become in a manner incorporate. The former seems so framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may seize and devour him as his proper prey.

LIII.

The same degree of penetration that shews you another in the wrong, shews him also, in respect to

that instance, your inferior : Hence the observation, and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opiniated.

LIV.

There is none can baffle men of sense but fools, on whom they can make no impression.

LV.

The regard one shews œconomy, is like that we shew an old aunt who is to leave us something at last. Our behaviour on this account as much constrained as that

“ Of one well studied in a sad ostent

“ To please his granam.” *Shakespeare.*

LVI.

Fashion is a great restraint upon your persons of taste and fancy ; who would otherwise, in the most trifling instances, be able to distinguish themselves from the vulgar.

LVII.

A writer who pretends to polish the human understanding, may beg by the side of Rutter’s chariot, who sells a powder for the teeth.

LVIII.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motive. The mere honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

LIX.

The proverb ought to run, “ A fool and his words are soon parted ; a man of genius and his money.”

LX.

A man of wit, genius, learning, is apt to think it something hard, that men of no wit, no genius, no

learning, should have a greater share of wealth and honours; not considering that their own accomplishment ought to be reckoned to them as their equivalent. It is no reason that a person worth five thousand pounds, should on that account have a claim to twenty.

LXI.

A wife ought in reality to love her husband above all the world; but this preference, I think, should, in point of politeness, be concealed. The reason is, that it is disgusting to see an amiable woman monopolized; and it is easy by proper management to wave (all I contend for) the appearance.

LXII.

There are some wounds given to reputation that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow; where we irritate and enlarge the orifice while we extract the bearded weapon; yet cannot the cure be completed otherwise.

LXIII.

Amongst all the vain-glorious professors of humility, you find none that will not discover how much they envy a shining character: and this either by censuring it themselves, or shewing a satisfaction in such as do. Now there is this advantage at least arising from ambition, that it disposes one to disregard a thousand instances of middling grandeur; and reduces one's emulation to the narrow circle of a few that blaze. It is hence a convenient disposition in a country place, where one is encompassed with such as are merely richer, keep fine horses, a table, footman; make a decent figure as rural esquires; yet, after all, discover no more than an every-day plebeian character. These a person of little ambition might envy; but another of a more extensive one may, in any kind of circumstances, disregard.

LXIV.

It is with some men as with some horses: what is esteemed spirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the source of that seeming spirit discovered by Tully in regard to his antagonist M. Antony. He knew he must destroy him, or be destroyed himself.

LXV.

The same qualities, joined with virtue, often furnish out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furnish out a highwayman; I mean courage and strong passions. And they may both join in the same expression, though with a meaning somewhat varied——

*Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possum
Tollere humo.*

i. e. "Be promoted or be hanged."

LXVI.

True honour is to honesty, what the Court of Chancery is to common law.

LXVII.

Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reasons to stand more in awe of him.

LXVIII.

A man sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles.

LXIX.

It is favourable enough on the side of learning, that if an historian mentions a good author, it does not seem absurd to stile him a great man: Whereas the same phrase would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman.

LXX.

It is less wonderful to see a wretched man commence an hero, than an happy one.

LXXI.

An high spirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It sometimes operates no other-wise than like the *vis inertiae*; at others it induces men to bustle and make their part good among their superiors. As Mr Pope says,

“ Some plunge in business, others shave their
“ crowns.”

It is by no means less forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of those with whom he cannot converse on equal terms: it leads him into solitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may at least conceal his inferiority. It is sullen, obstinate, disdainful, haughty, in no less a degree than the other; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and less citizen-like. Sometimes the other succeeds, and then it is esteemed preferable; but in case it fail, it not only exposes a person's meanness, but his impatience under it; both of which the reserved spirit is able to disguise——but then it stands no chance of removing. *Pudor malus ulcera celat.*

LXXII.

Every single instance of a friend's insincerity encreases our dependence on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an external respect, when one is disappointed of that which is internal and sincere. This, perhaps, with decaying passions, contributes to render age covetous.

LXXIII.

When physicians write of diseases, the prognostics and the diagnostics, the symptoms and the paroxysms, they give one fatal apprehensions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you seem to have no other difficulty but to decide by which means you would

recover: in short, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

LXXIV.

One should no more trust to the skill of most apothecaries, than one would ask the opinion of their pestle and mortar: yet both are useful in their way.

LXXV.

I believe there was never so reserved a solitary, but felt some degree of pleasure at the first glimpse of an human figure. The soul, however unconscious of its social bias in a crowd, will in solitude feel some attraction towards the first person that we meet.

LXXVI.

In courts, the motion of the body is easy, and those of the soul constrained: In the country, the gestures of the body are constrained, and those of the soul supine and careless.

LXXVII.

One may easily enough guard against ambition till five-and-twenty.—It is not ambition's day.

LXXVIII.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

LXXIX.

Perhaps rustics, boors, and esquires make a principal figure in the country, as inanimates are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landscape.

LXXX.

Titles make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to a British spirit. They almost vary the species; yet, as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward, as the substitutes of merit.

LXXXI.

What numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty years, yet, if estimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chick the moment it is hatched.

LXXXII.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

LXXXIII.

Fools are very often found united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the most closely glued together.

LXXXIV.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth. There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

LXXXV.

High spirit in a man is like a sword; which, tho' worn to annoy his enemies, yet is often troublesome in a less degree to his friends. He can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company. It is more properly a loaded pistol, which accident alone may fire, and kill one.

LXXXVI.

A miser, if honest, can be only honest bare-weight.

Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty; whose alone it is, to give and not receive.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

A grasshopper is, perhaps, the best device for coat-armour of those who would be thought aborigines; agreeable to the Athenian use of them.

Immoderate assurance is perfect licentiousness.

When a person is so far engaged in a dispute as to wish to get the victory, he ought ever to desist. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

I have sometimes thought the mind so calculated, that a small degree of force may impel it to a certain pitch of pleasure or of pain; beyond which it will not pass, by any impetus whatsoever.

I doubt whether it be not true, that we hate those faults most in others which we are guilty of ourselves.

A man of thorough sense scarce admires even any one; but he must be an idiot that is the admirer of a fool.

It may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amusement of the invidious: as a man willingly relinquishes his silver to save his gold from an highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the score of morals; as one would be rather pulled by the hair than stabbed to the heart.

Virtue seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant to the system of things. Were a planet to fly from its orbit, it would represent a vicious man.

It is difficult not to be angry at beings we know incapable of acting otherwise than they do. One ought no more, if one reflects, to be angry at the stupidity of a man than of a horse, except it be vin-

cible and voluntary; and yet the practice is otherwise.

People say, "Do not regard what he says, now "he is in liquor." Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded: *Aperit præcordia Liber.*

Patience is the Panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it?

Wits uniformly exclaim against fools, yet fools are their proper foil; and it is from them alone they can learn what figure themselves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with the generality, and furnishes a better mirror than that of artful people, who are sure enough to deceive you either on the favourable or the ill-natured side.

We say, he is a man of sense who acknowledges the same truths that we do; that he is a man of taste who allows the same beauties. We consider him as a person of better sense and finer taste, who discerns more truths and more beauties in conjunction with ourselves; but we allow neither appellation to the man who differs from us.

We deal out our genuine esteem to our equals; our affection for those beneath us; and a reluctant sort of respect to those that are above us.

Glory relaxes often and debilitates the mind; censure stimulates and contracts——both to an extreme. Simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium.

Persons of new families do well to make magnificent funerals, sumptuous weddings, remarkable entertainments; to exhibit a number of servants in rich and ostentatious liveries; and to take every public occasion of imprinting on the mob an habitual notion of their superiority. For so is deference obtained from that quarter:

Stupet in titulis et imaginibus.

One scarce sees how it is possible for a country girl or a country fellow to preserve their chastity. They have neither the philosophical pleasure of books, nor the luxurious pleasure of a table, nor the refined amusement of building, planting, drawing, or designing, to divert their imagination from an object to which they seem continually to stimulate it by provocative illusions. Add to this the health and vigour that are almost peculiar to them.

I am afraid, there are many ladies who only exchange the pleasures of incontinence for the pleasure they derive from censure. At least it is no injustice to conclude so, where a person is extravagantly censorious.

Persons of judgment and understanding may be divided into two sorts. Those whose judgment is so extensive as to comprehend a great deal; existences, systems, universals: but as there are some eyes so constituted as to take in distant objects, yet be excelled by others in regard to objects minute or near, so there are other understandings better calculated for the examination of particular objects.

The mind is at first an open field without partitions or inclosures. To make it turn to most account, it is very proper to divide and inclose; in other words, to sort our observations.

Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice: whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

It is a point of prudence, when you converse with your inferior, to consider yourself as conversing with his inferior, with whom no doubt he may have the same connexion that you have with him; and to be upon your guard accordingly.

How deplorable then is a person's condition, when his mind can only be supported by flattery, and his

constitution but by cordials! when the relief of his present complaint undermines its own efficacy, yet increases the occasion for which it is used! Short is then the duration of our tranquillity, or of our lives.

A man is not esteemed ill-natured for any excess of social affection; or an indiscreet profusion of his fortune upon his neighbours, companions, or friends; although the true measure of his affections is as much impaired by this, as by selfishness.

If any one's curse can effect damnation, it is not that of the Pope, but that of the poor.

People of the finest and most lively genius have the greatest sensibility, of consequence the most lively passions; the violence of which puts their conduct upon a footing with that of fools. Fools discern the weaknesses which they have in common with themselves; but are not sensible of their excellencies, to which they have no pretensions; of course, always inclined to dispute the superiority.

Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste, (and perhaps it is so more in this age, than in any preceding one), and should as much avoid deceit or sinister meanings in discourse, as they would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your sentiments should he die during the dispute.

The man of a towering ambition, or a well-regulated taste, has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers.

Refined sense to a person that is to converse alone with bores, is a manifest inconvenience. As Falstaff says (with some little variation),

“Company, witty company, has been the ruin
“of me.”

If envious people were universally to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I would presume the self-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition :

Quid statis? nolint—atqui licet esse beatiss.

If this rule were applied, as it surely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an universal cure for envy :

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,

A Diis plura feret.—Self-denial.

A person, elevated one degree above the populace, assumes more airs of superiority than one that is raised ten. The reason is somewhat obvious. His superiority is more contestible.

The character of a decent, well-behaved, gentleman-like man seems more easily attainable by a person of no great parts or passions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. 'Tis therefore no mismanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the best he can do to render himself inoffensive, and to keep his teeth clean. But the person who has talents for discourse, and a passionate desire to enliven conversation, ought to have many improprieties excused, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country esquire, who, through zeal to serve her with a glass of claret, should involve his spurs in her Brussels apron. On the contrary, the fop (who may in some sense use the words of Horace,

*Quod verum atque decens curo et roga. et—omnis
in hoc sum),*

would be entitled to no pardon for such unaccountable misconduct.

Man, in general, may be considered as a mechanic, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment: Virtue, his repository or collection of instruments; the goods of fortune as his materials: In proportion as the workmen, the instruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

The silly censorious are the very *fel natura*, the most bitter of all bitter things; from the hyssop that grows upon the wall, to the satyrist that pisses against it.

I have known a sensible man of opinion that one should not be solicitous about a wife's understanding. A woman's sense was with him a phrase to express a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a husband's happiness. I cannot be of his opinion. I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our sex, so fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of theirs. If so, after honesty of heart, what is there we should so much require? A wife's beauty will soon decay; it is doubtful whether in reality first, or in our own opinion. Either of these is sufficient to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then to seek for something that will retain its novelty; or, what is equivalent, will change its shape when her person palls by its identity. Fancy and genius bid fairest for this, which have as many shapes, as there can happen occasions to exert them. Good-nature, I always suppose. The former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preserve our minds in a temper to be diverted.

I have known some attorneys of reputable families, and whose original dispositions seemed to have

been open and humane. Yet can I scarce recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the Christian, and even the man, was not swallowed up in the lawyer: They are not only the greatest tyrants, but the greatest pedants of all mankind.

Reconciliation is the tenderest part either of friendship or love; the latter more especially, in which the soul is more remarkably softened. Were a person to make use of art in procuring the affection of his mistress, it were, perhaps, his most effectual method to contrive a slight estrangement, and then, as it were imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here discovers a kind of elasticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

Virtue may be considered as the only means of dispensing happiness in proper portions to every moment of our time.

To judge whether one has sufficient pleasure to render the continuation of life agreeable, it is not enough to say, Would you die? Take away first the hope of better scenes in this life, the fears of worse in another, and the bodily pain of dying.

The fear of death seems as natural as the sensation of lust or of hunger: the first and last, for the preservation of the individual; the other, for the continuation of the species.

It seems obvious, that God, who created the world, intends the happiness and perfection of the system he created. To effect the happiness of the whole, self-love, in its degree, is as requisite as social; for I am myself a part of that whole, as well as another. The difficulty of ascertaining what is virtue, lies in proportioning the degrees of self-love and social. *Proximus sum egomet mihi.* — *Eunusca pulvis propior.* — "Charity begins at home."

It is so. It ought to be so; nor is there any inconvenience arises to the public, because it is general. Were this away, the individual must soon perish, and consequently the whole body. A man has every moment occasion to exert his self-love for the sake of self-preservation; consequently this ought to be stronger, in order to keep him on his guard. A centinel's attention should be greater than that of a soldier on a review.

The social, though alike constant, is not equally intense; because the selfish, being universal, renders the social less essential to the well-being of one's neighbour. In short, the self-love and the social ought to bear such proportion as we find they generally do. If the selfish passion of the rest preponderate, it would be self-destructive in a few individuals to be over-socially disposed. If the social one prevails generally, to be of remarkable selfishness must obstruct the good of society.

Many feel a superfluous uneasiness for want of due attention to the following truth.

We are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice of different pursuits. We chuse one at last doubtfully; and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the scheme, which we have chosen, answer our expectation but indifferently—most worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the paths which we decline; and this heightens our uneasiness. We might at least escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable we had not been less so, had we made a different decision. This, however, relates to schemes that are neither virtuous nor vicious.

Happy dogs (says a certain plenetic) our foot-

men and the populace! Farewell, says Esop, in Vanburgh, whom I both envy and despise! The servant meets with hundreds whose conversation can amuse him, for one that is the least qualified to be a companion for his master.

"A person cannot eat his cake and have it," is, as Lord Shaftesbury observes, a proper answer to many splenetic people *. But what imports it to be in the possession of a cake that you do not eat? If then the cake be made to be eaten, says Lady L——, better eat it when you are most hungry. Poor woman! she seems to have acted by this maxim, but yet could not avoid crying for the cake she had eaten.

You should calculate your appearance for the place where you reside. One would rather be a very Knight in the country than His honour Mr Such a-one.

The most consummate selfishness would incline a person, at his death, to dispose of his effects agreeably to duty; that he may secure an interest in the world to which he is going.

A Justice and his clerk is now little more than a blind man and his dog. The profound ignorance of the former, together with the canine impudence and rapacity of the latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindicate the comparison. The principal part of the similitude will appear obvious to every one; I mean, that the justice is as much dependent on his clerk for superior insight and implicit guidance, as the blind fellow on his cur that leads him in a string. Add to this, that the offer of a crust will seduce the conductors of either to drag their masters into a kennel.

To remark the different figure made by different

* Complainers.

persons, under the same circumstances of fortune! Two friends of mine upon a journey had so contrived as to reduce their finances to a single sixpence each. The one, with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, gave his to a black shoe-boy, who wished his honour a thousand blessings; the other, having lodged a fortnight with a nobleman that was his patron, offered his to the butler, as an instance of his gratitude, who with difficulty forbore to curse him to his face.

A glass or two of wine extraordinary only raises a valetudinarian to that warmth of social affection which had naturally been his lot in a better state of health.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

Be cautious not to consider a person as your superior, merely because he is your superior in the point of assurance. This has often depressed the spirit of a person of desert and diffidence.

A proper assurance, and competent fortune, are essential to liberty.

Taste is pursued at a less expence than fashion.

Our time in towns seems short to pass, and long to reflect upon; in the country, the reverse.

Deference, before company, is the genteelest kind of flattery. The flattery of epistles affects one less, as they cannot be shewn without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is gross. In short, applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross—though the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable.

When a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please; but it appears to me

an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than tokay.

Though punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendship of some persons that regard them. — Indeed it is almost an universal practice to rail at punctilio; and it seems in some measure a consequence of our attachment to French fashions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never caused half the quarrels that have arisen from the freedom of behaviour, which is its opposite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the use of ceremony would be superfluous: But as the case is, it at least fixes some bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who, under the denomination of freedom, might demand the privilege of breaking your head.

There seem near as many people that want passion as want reason.

The world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives.

The state of man is not unlike that of a fish hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line. We flounce, and sport, and vary our situation: But when we would extend our schemes, we discover our confinement, checked and limited by a superior hand, who drags us from our element, whensoever he pleases.

The vulgar trace your faults; those you have in common with themselves: but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretensions.

A person is something taller by holding up his head.

A man of sense can be adequately esteemed by none other than a man of sense: A fool by none but a fool. We ought to act upon this principle.

Now melancholy is it to travel, late and fatigued, upon any ambitious project on a winter's night; and observe the lights of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at rest in their beds. Some of them, says W—, as wretched as princes, for aught we know to the contrary!

It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one so disgusted with an artful character. We hate the confinement of standing centinels in our own defence.

To behave with complaisance, where one foresees one must needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit.

Some persons may with justice boast, that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old: And that their present knowledge comprehends after the manner that a larger trunk contains the smaller ones it encloses.

It is possible to discover in some faces the features nature intended, had she not been somehow thwarted in her operations. Is it not easy to remark the same distortion in some minds? There is a phrase pretty frequent amongst the vulgar, and which they apply to absolute fools—That they have had a rock too much in their cradles.—With me, it is a most expressive idiom to describe a dislocated understanding: an understanding, for instance, which, like a watch, discovers a multitude of such parts, as appear obviously intended to belong to a system of the greatest perfection; yet which, by some unlucky jumble, falls infinitely short of it.

Is it not the wound our pride sustains by being deceived, that makes us more averse to hypocrites, than to the most audacious and barefaced villain? Yet it seems as much a piece of justice to commend a man for talking more honestly than he acts, as it is to blame a man for acting more dishonestly than he

talks. The sum of the whole, however, is, that the one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the other by his impudence.

A fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk; nor, in short, laugh, nor cry, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction!

Independency may be found in comparative, as well as absolute, abundance: I mean, where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.

There are very few persons who do not lose something of their esteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

The silly excuse that is often drawn from want of time to correspond, becomes no one beside a cobbler with ten or a dozen children dependent on a tatching-end.

One, perhaps, ought to make funerals as sumptuous as possible, or as private; either by obscurity to elude, or by splendour to employ, the attention, that it may not be engaged by the most shocking circumstance of our humanity.

It happens, a little unluckily, that the persons who have the most intimate contempt of money are the same that have the strongest appetites for the pleasures it procures.

We are apt to look for those virtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rarely to be found any where, except in the preambles to their patents. Some shining exceptions may be made to this rule: In general, we may consider their appearance with us in public, as one does our wearing apparel. "Which lord do you wear to-day? Why, I did think to wear my lord * * * *; but, as there will be little company in the Mall, I will e'en content myself to wear the same noble peer I wore yesterday."

The worst inconvenience of a small fortune is that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of most mens yearly accounts, and a sum as regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

It is with our judgments, as with our eyes. Some can see objects at greater distance more distinctly, at the same time less distinctly than others the objects that are near them.

Notwithstanding the airs men give themselves, I believe no one sees family to more advantage, than the persons that have no share in it.

How important is the eye to the appearance of an human face! the chief index of temper, understanding, health, and love! What prodigious influence must the same misfortunes have on some persons beyond others! as the loss of an eye to a mere insolent beauty, without the least philosophy to support herself!

The person least reserved in his censure of another's excess in equipage, is commonly the person who would exhibit the same if it had been within his power; the source of both being a disregard to decorum. Likewise he that violently arraigns, or fondly indulges it, agree in considering it a little too seriously.

Amid the most mercenary ages, it is but a secondary sort of admiration that is bestowed upon magnificence.

An order of beauties, as of knights, with a style appropriated to them (as, for instance, To the Right Beautiful Lady such a-one) would have as good a foundation as any other class, but would, at the same time, be the most invidious of any order that was ever instituted.

The first maxim a child is taught, is, that

“ Learning is better than house and land; ”

but how little is its influence as he grows up to maturity!

There is somewhat very astonishing in the record of our most celebrated victories: I mean, the small number of the conquerors killed in proportion to the conquered. At Agincourt, it is said, were ten thousand, and fourteen thousand massacred. Livy's accounts of this sort are so astonishing, that one is apt to disbelieve the historian—All the explanation one can find, is, that the gross slaughter is made when one side takes to flight.

A person that is disposed to throw off all reserve before an inferior, should reflect, that he has also his inferiors, to whom he may be equally communicative.

It is impossible for a man of sense to guard against the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclitic characters; because he cannot foresee them. A Wit-would cannot afford to discard a frivolous conceit, though it tends to affront you: an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder upon such hints as must discompose you.

A man that is solicitous about his health, or apprehensive of some acute disorder, should write a journal of his constitution, for the better instruction of his physician.

Ghosts have no more connection with darkness, than the mystery of a barber with that of a surgeon; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

He makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather encrease the injury?

Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worst of all thoughts. First and third very often coincide.

Indeed second thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of shewing penetration, of distinguishing ourselves from the mob, and have consequently less of simplicity, and more of affectation. This, however, regards principally objects of taste and fancy. Third thoughts, at least, are here very proper mediators.

"Set a beggar on horse-back, and he'll ride," is a common proverb, and a real truth. The *novus homo* is an *inexpertus homo*, and consequently must purchase finery, before he knows the emptiness of it experimentally. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

The foppery of love-verses, when a person is ill and indisposed, is perfect ipecacuanha.

Antiquity of family, and distinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, less weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: the bend dexter or sinister; the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date. The heralds are at length discovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preserve the distinction, and is poor. France (by their dispute about trading nobility) seems inclined to shake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the ante-deluvian pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or is sure to purchase distinction, let the king at arms, or the old maiden aunt, preach as long as either pleases. It is so; perhaps it ought to be so. All honours should lie open, all encouragement be allowed to the members of trade in a trading nation: And as the nobility find it very expedient to partake of their profits, so they, in return, should obtain a share in the others honours. One would, however, wish the acquisition of learning was as sure a road to dignity, as that of riches.

ON BOOKS AND WRITERS.

IT is often asserted, by pretenders to singular penetration, that the assistance fancy is supposed to draw from wine, is merely imaginary and chimerical: that all which the poets have urged on this head, is absolute rant and enthusiasm; and has no foundation in truth or nature. I am inclined to think otherwise. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefit from the noblest cordial. But persons of a phlegmatic constitution have those excellencies often suppressed, of which their imagination is truly capable, by reason of a lentor, which wine may naturally remove. It raises low spirits to a pitch necessary for the exertion of fancy. It confutes the *non est tanti*, so frequently a maxim with speculative persons. It quickens that ambition, or that social bias, which makes a person wish to shine, or to please. Ask what tradition says of Mr Addison's conversation. But instances in point of conversation come within every one's observance. Why then may it not be allowed to produce the same effects in writing?

The affected phrases I hate most, are those on which your half-wits found their reputation. Such as "Pretty trifler, Fair plaintiff, Lovely architect," &c.

Doctor Young has a surprising knack of bringing thoughts from a distance, from their lurking places, in a moment's time.

There is nothing so disagreeable in works of humour as an insipid, unsupported vivacity; the very husks of drollery; bottled small-beer; a man out-riding his horse; lewdness and impotence; a fiery

actor in a phlegmatic scene; an illiterate and stupid preacher discoursing upon Urim and Thummim, and beating the pulpit cushion in such a manner, as though he would make the dust and the truth fly out of it at once.

An editor, or a translator, collects the merits of different writers; and, forming all into a wreath, bestows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demosthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the sublimity of Homer, the majesty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal, (with every name of note he can possibly recall to mind), are given to some ancient scribbler, in whom affectation and the love of novelty disposes him to find out beauties.

Humour and Vanburgh against wit and Congreve.

The vacant scull of a pedant generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

May not the custom of scraping when we bow, be derived from the ancient custom of throwing their shoes backwards off their feet?

"A bird in the air shall carry the tale, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." Such is also the present phrase—"A little bird told it me"—says nurse——.

The preference which some gives to Virgil before Homer is often owing to complexion: some are more formed to enjoy the grand; and others, the beautiful. But as for invention and sublimity, the most shining qualities of imagination, there is surely no comparison between them.—Yet I enjoy Virgil more.

Vol. II. Y

Agreeable ideas rise, in proportion as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

One reason why the sound is sometimes an echo to the sense, is, that the pleasantest objects have often the most harmonious names annexed to them.

A man of a merely argumentative cast will read poetry as prose; will only regard the quantum it contains of solid reasoning: just as a clown attacks a desert, considering it as so much victuals, and regardless of those lively or emblematical decorations, which the cook, for many sleepless nights, has endeavoured to bestow upon it.

Notwithstanding all that Rousseau has advanced so very ingeniously upon plays and players, their profession is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whose means are pleasure, and whose end is virtue. They both alike, for a subsistence, submit themselves to public opinion: and the dishonour that has attended the last profession, seems not easily accountable.

As there are evidently words in English poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inserted, have no small beauty on that account, it seems absurd to contract, or print them otherwise than at length.

“The loose wall tottering o’er the trembling
“shade.” *Ogilvy’s Day of Judgment.*

“Trembling” has also the force of a dactyle in a less degree—but cannot be written otherwise.

I have sometimes thought Virgil so remarkably musical, that were his lines read to a musician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a person of capacity to give each word its proper accent, he would not fail to distinguish in it all the graces of harmony.

I think I can observe a peculiar beauty in the addition of a short syllable at the end of a blank verse: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as sure to flatten; which may be discerned in Prior's translation of Callimachus, viz. "the holy Victim—Dictæan, hearst thou—Birth, Great Rhea—Inferior Reptile," &c. for the translation abounds with them; and is rendered by that means prosaic.

The case is only, prose being an imitation of common life, the nature of an ode requires that it should be lifted some degrees higher.

But in dialogue, the language ought never to leave Nature the least out of sight; and especially where pity is to be produced, it appears to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow this syllable occasions. Let me produce a few instances from Otway's tragedy of the Unhappy Marriage; and, in order to form a judgment, let the reader substitute a word of equal import, but of a syllable less, in the place of the instances I produce (instances are numberless, where they familiarize and give an ease to dialogue).

— "Sure my ill fate's upon me"

"Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,

"With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?"

"I never see you now—you have been kinder."

"Why was I made with all my sex's softness,

"Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?"

"I'll see Castalio—tax him with his falsehood."

— "Should you charge rough,

"I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing."

"When thou art from me, every place is desert."

—“Surely Paradise is round me, to be full

“And every sense is full of thy perfection,

“To hear thee speak might calm a madman’s
frenzy,

“Till by attention he forgot his sorrows.”

“Till good men wish him dead—or I offend
him.”

“And hang upon you like a drowning creature.”

“Crop this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness.”

“Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake
me.”

—“I’ve drank an healing draught

“For all my cares, and never more shall wrong
thee.”

“When I’m laid low in the cold grave forgotten,

“May you be happy in a fairer bride,

“But none can ever love you like Monimia.”

I should imagine, that in some or most of these examples, a particular degree of tenderness is owing to the supernumerary syllable; yet it requires a nice ear for the disposition of it (for it must not be universal); and with this, may give at once an harmonious flow, a natural ease, an energy, tenderness, and variety to the language.

A man of dry sound judgment attends to the truth of the proposition; a man of ear and sensibility, to the music of the versification: a man of a well regulated taste finds the former more deeply imprinted on him, by the judicious management of the latter.

It seems to me, that what are called notes at the bottom of pages (as well as parentheses in writing) might be generally avoided, without injuring the

thread of a discourse. It is true, it might require some address to interweave them gracefully into the text; but how much more agreeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the reader by such frequent avocations? How much more graceful to play a tune upon one set of keys, with varied stops, than to seek the same variety, by an aukward motion from one set to another?

It bears a little hard upon our candour, that to *take to pieces*, in our language, signifies the same as to *expose*; and to *expose* has a signification, which good nature can as little allow, as can the laws of etymology.

The ordinary letters from friend to friend seem capable of receiving a better turn, than mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or professions of friendship continually repeated. The established maxim to correspond with ease, has almost excluded every useful subject. But may not excess of negligence discover affectation, as well as its opposite extreme? There are many degrees of intermediate solidity betwixt a Westphalia ham and a whip syllabub.

I am astonished to remark the defect of ear, which some tolerable harmonious poets discover in their Alexandrines. It seems wonderful that an error so obvious, and so very disgusting to a nice ear, should occur so frequently as the following:

“What seraph e’er could preach
So choice a lecture as his wond’rous virtues
“lore?”

The pause being after the sixth syllable, it is plain the whole emphasis of pronunciation is thrown upon the particle *As*. It seems most amazing to me, that this should be so common a blunder.

Simplex munditiis has been esteemed universally to be a phrase at once very expressive, and of very difficult interpretation: at least not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that single word *elegant*, which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments on one side, as much as it does dirt and rusticity on the other?

The French use the word *naïve* in such a sense as to be explained by no English word; unless we will submit to restrain ourselves in the application of the word *sentimental*. It means the language of passion or the heart, in opposition to the language of reflection and the head.

The most frequent mistake that is made, seems to be that of the means for the end: thus riches for happiness, and thus learning for sense. The former of these is hourly observable: and as to the latter, methinks this age affords frequent and surprising instances.

It is with real concern that I observe many persons of true poetical genius endeavouring to quench their native fire, that they may exhibit learning without a single spark of it. Nor is it uncommon to see an author translate a book, when with half the pains he could write a better: but the translation favours more of learning; and gives room for notes, which exhibit more.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin, as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management, to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.

When a nobleman has once conferred any great favour on his inferior, he ought thenceforth to consider, that his requests, his advice, and even his intimations, become commands; and to propose matters

with the utmost tenderness. The person whom he obliges has otherwise lost his freedom :

*Hac ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno:
Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altitium ; nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.*

The amiable and the severe, Mr Burke's sublime and beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in every character. Accordingly, as either is predominant, men imprint the passions of love or fear. The best punch depends on a proper mixture of sugar and lemon.

ON MEN AND MANNERS.

THERE are many persons acquire to themselves a character of insincerity, from what is in truth mere inconstancy. And there are persons of warm, but changeable passions; perhaps the sincerest of any in the very instant they make profession, but the very least to be depended on through the short duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to ascertain the character of Lady Luxborough*; yet whatever were her principles, I esteem Lord Bolingbroke's to have been the same. She seemed in all respects the female Lord Bolingbroke.

The principal if not the only difference betwixt honesty and honour, seems to lie in their different motives: the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former, duty.

It is the greatest comfort to the poor, whose ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich must die as well as themselves.

The common people call wit, mirth; and fancy, folly; fanciful and folliful, they use indiscriminately. It seems to flow from hence, that they consider money as of more importance than the persons who possess it; and that no conduct is wise, beside what has a tendency to enrich us.

One should not destroy an insect, one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

The trouble occasioned by want of a servant, is so much less than the plague of a bad one, as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes than undergo an excess of anger.

* Sister to Lord Bolingbroke: with her the author had enjoyed a literary correspondence.

The fund of sensible discourse is limited; that of jest and badinage is infinite. In many companies then, where nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps, better to get upon the familiar footing; to give and take in the way of raillery.

When a wife or mistress lives as in a jail, the person that confines her lives the life of a jailor.

There seems some analogy betwixt a person's manner in every action of his life.

Lady Luxborough's hand-writing was at the same time delicate and masculine. Her features, her air, her understanding, her motions, and her sentiments, were the same. Mr W——, in the same respects, delicate, but not masculine. Mr G—— rather more delicate than masculine. Mr J—— rather more masculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three last, extends to their drawing, versification, &c. &c. &c.

Riches deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwise.

To consume one's time and fortune at once, without pleasure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

Parents are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or less fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a symptom less expressive of future judgment and solidity. It seems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but also delicacy of sentiment. Neither does it seem any way consistent with a sensibility of pleasure, notwithstanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all sorts of pleasure; but does not allow itself time to be successful

in securing any. It is a busy bee, whose whole time passes away in mere flight from flower to flower; without resting upon any a sufficient time to gather honey.

The Queen of Sweden declared, "She did not love men as men; but merely because they were not women." What a spirited piece of satire!

In mixed conversation, or amongst persons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's self in discourse that is neither ingenious nor significant. Vapid frivolous chit-chat serves to pass away the time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted strength, spirit, and flavour.

The making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

He that lies a-bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Spleen is often little else than obstructed perspiration.

The regard men externally profess for their superiors, is oftentimes rewarded—in the manner it deserves.

Methinks, all men should meet with a respect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of a ruby.

Mankind suffers more by the conflict of contrary passions, than that of passion and reason: yet, perhaps, the truest way to quench one passion is to kindle up another.

Prudent men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

The country esquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horses; that is, of an animal that may convey him with credit, ease, and safety, the little journeys he has to go. The philosopher directs his ambition to some well-grounded science, which may, with the same ease, credit, and safety, transport him through every stage of being; so that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy.

Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fiddler; dropped the practice, and is now no character.

The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate.

The philosophers and ancient sages, who de-claimed against the vanity of all external advantages, seem in an equal degree to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword, is ever more vain than he that wears an useful one.

The person who has a superiority in wit is enabled, by the means of it, to see his superiority: Hence a deference expected, and offence taken upon the failure. Add to this, that wit, considered as fancy, renders all the passions more sensible; the love of fame more remarkably so; and you have some sort of reason for the revenge taken by wits upon those who neglect them.

In the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us to take a part—in the quarrels of mere acquaintance, it is needless, and perhaps impertinent.

When I have purchased aught by way of mere amusement, your reflexion upon the cost not only intimates the bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends to make it so.

‘Had I the money those paintings cost,’ says Torper, ‘methinks I would have discovered some better method of disposing of it.’ ‘And in what would you have expended it?’ ‘I would buy some fine horses.’ ‘But you have already what answer your purpose!’ ‘Yes, but I have a particular fancy for a fine horse.’ ‘And have not I, who bought these pictures, the same argument on my side?’ The truth is, he who extols his own amusements, and condemns another person’s, unless he does it as they bear relation to virtue or vice, will at all times find himself at a loss for an argument.

People of real genius have strong passions; people of strong passions have great partialities; such as Mr Pope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Persons of slow parts have languid passions, and persons of languid passions have little partiality. They neither love, nor hate, nor look, nor move, with the energy of a man of sense. The faults of the former should be balanced with their excellencies; and the blamelessness of the latter should be weighed with their insignificancy. Happiness and virtue are, perhaps, generally dispensed with more equality than we are aware.

Extreme volatile and sprightly tempers seem inconsistent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time wasted in the mere transition from one object to another. No room for those deep impressions, which are made alone by the duration of an idea; and are quite requisite to any strong sensation, either of pleasure or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the spider to gather poison, must abide

some time upon the weed or flower. They whose fluids are mere sal volatile, seem rather cheerful than happy men. The temper above described is oftener the lot of wits, than of persons of great abilities.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank, than those who have no rank at all. Observe the humours of a country christening; and you will find no court in Christendom so ceremonious as the quality of Brentford.

Critics will sometimes prefer the faulty state of a composition to the improved one, through mere perverseness: In like manner, some will extol a person's past conduct, to depreciate his present: These are some of the numerous shifts and machinations of envy.

Trees afford us the advantage of shade in summer, as well as fuel in winter; as the same virtue allays the fervour of intemperate passions in our youth, and serves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.

The term *indecision*, in a man's character, implies an idea very nicely different from that of *irresolution*: yet it has a tendency to produce it; and, like that, has often its original in excessive delicacy and refinement.

Persons of proud yet abject spirits will despise you for those distresses, for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavour to befriend you; a hint, to whom only you should disclose, and from whom you should conceal them. Yet, perhaps, in general, it may be prudent to conceal them from persons of an opposite party.

The sacrificing of our anger to our interest is oftentimes no more than the exchange of a painful passion for a pleasurable.

There are not five in five hundred that pity, but, at the same time, also despise; a reason that you should be cautious to whom and where you complain. The farthest a prudent man should proceed, in general, is to laugh at some of his own foibles; when this may be a means of removing envy from the more important parts of his character.

Effeminacy of appearance, and an excessive attention to the minuter parts of dress, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, esteemed a symptom of irresolution. But yet instances are seen to abound in the French nation to the contrary. And in our own, that of Lord Mark Kerr was an instance equal to a thousand. A snuff-box hinge, rendered invisible, was an object on which his happiness appeared to turn; which, however, might be clouded by a speck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his stocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was shewn beyond all contradiction. What shall we say then of Mr Gray, of manners very delicate, yet possessed of a poetical vein fraught with the noblest and sublimest images, and of a mind remarkably well stored with the more masculine parts of learning?—Here, perhaps, we must remain in suspense—For though taste does not imply manners, so neither does it preclude them: or what hinders that a man should feel that same delicacy in regard to real honour, which he does in regard to dress?

If beneficence be not in a person's will, what imports it to mankind that it is ever so much in his power? And yet we see how much more regard is generally paid to a worthless man of fortune, than to the most benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual blessing. It is all agreeable to Mr Burke's thesis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the most beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue.

A person that is not merely stupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute passions, or the slow — The principle of revenge is meant for the security of the individual : and supposing a person has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly strives to make himself remarkable for the perseverance of his resentment. Both these have the same motive, to impress a dread upon our enemies of injuring us for the future : and though the world be more inclined to favour the rash than the phlegmatic enemy, it is hard to say which of the two has given rise to more dismal consequences —

The reason of this partiality may be deduced from the same original as the preference that is given to downright impudence before hypocrisy. To be cheated into an ill-placed esteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, discovers a contempt for our understanding, and lessens the idea we entertain of it ourselves. They hurt our pride more than open violence, or undisguised impudence.

King James the First, willing to involve the regal power in mystery, that, like natural objects, it might appear greater through the fog, declared it presumption for a subject to say “ what a king might do in the fulness of his power.” — This was absurd : but it seems presumption in a man of the world, to say what means a man of genius may think instrumental to his happiness. W — used to say, it was presumption for him to make conjectures on the occasion. A person of refinement seems to have his pleasures distinct from the common run of men : what the world calls important, is to him wholly frivolous ; and what the world esteems frivolous, seems essential to his tranquillity.

The apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and sometimes among the great, has one

effect that is not frivolous. It in some measure dissipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a sort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment: and the great solemnity of the hearse, plumes, and escutcheons, though they add to the force of terror, diminish that of simple grief.

There are some people whom you cannot regard, though they seem desirous to oblige you; nay, even though they do you actual services. This is the case where-ever their sentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a person truly avaricious can never make himself truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts and sciences. A person of exquisite sensibility and tenderness can never be truly pleased with another of no feelings; who can see the most intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he beheld a pitcher broken. These, properly speaking, can be said to feel nothing but the point of a sword; and one could more easily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philosophy, and not want of thought. But what I would inculcate is, with tempers thus different one should never attempt any close connexion:

*Lupis et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
Tecum mihi discordia est.*

Yet it may be a point of prudence to shew them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propensities. To converse much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own disposition: and to aim at obtaining their applause, would only make your character inconsistent.

There are some people who find a gloomy kind of pleasure in glouting, which could hardly be encreased by the satisfaction of having their wishes granted.

This is, seemingly, a bad character, and yet often connected with a sense of honour, of conscious merit, with warm gratitude, great sincerity, and many other valuable qualities.

There is a degree of understanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased.—One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyss.

The worst consequence of gratifying our passions in regard to objects of an indifferent nature, is, that it causes them to proceed with greater violence towards other and other objects; and so *ad infinitum*. I wish for my pocket an elegant *etui*; and gold to remove the pain of wishing, and to partake the pleasure of enjoyment. I would part with the purchase-money, for which I have less regard; but the gratification of this wish would generate fifty others, that would be ruinous. See Epictetus; who, therefore, advises to resist the first.

Virtue and agreeableness are, I fear, too often separated; that is, externals affect and captivate the fancy, where internal worth is wanting to engage and attach one's reason—A most perplexing circumstance: and no where more remarkable, than when we see a wise man totally enslaved by the beauty of a person he despises.

I know not whether encreasing years do not cause one to esteem fewer people, and to bear with more.

Query, Whether friendship for the sex do not tend to lessen the sensual appetite; and *vice versa*?

I think I never knew an instance of great quickness of parts being joined with great solidity. The most rapid rivers are seldom or never deep.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

There are persons who slide insensibly into an habit of contradiction. Their first endeavour, upon hearing aught asserted, is to discover wherein it may be plausibly disputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of great sagacity; and if they can mingle a jest with contradiction, think they display great superiority. One should be cautious against the advances of this kind of propensity, which loses us friends in a matter generally of no consequence.

The solicitude of peers to preserve, or to exalt their rank, is esteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition. The care of commoners, on the same subject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

An income for life only seems the best calculated for the circumstances and situation of mortal man: the farther property in an estate increases the difficulty of disengaging our affections from this world, and of thinking in the manner we ought to think of a system from which we must be entirely separated:

“ I trust that sinking fund, my life.” *Pope.*

Surprise quickens enjoyment, and expectation banishes surprise; this is the simple reason, why few pleasures, that have engrossed our attention previously, ever answer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and causes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object—Thus expectation does not only destroy the advantage of surprise, and so flattens pleasure; but makes up hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of disappointment.

ON RELIGION.

PERHAPS, we should not pray to God “to keep us stedfast in any faith;” but conditionally, that it be a right one.

When a tree is falling, I have seen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the spot where they would wish it should lie. Divines, understanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person’s everlasting happiness. I fancy, the allusion will hardly countenance their presumption.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments: when to those of our own sect, we call them trials: when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

In regard to church-music, if a man cannot be said to be merry or good-humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why should he be esteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone pipe of an organ?—In answer to this it may be said, that if such an elevation of the spirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good consequences; as it leaves a good impression upon the mind, favourable to virtue and a religious life.

The rich man, adjoining to his country-seat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but, in truth, to his own vain-glory; furnishes it with luxurious conveniences, for prayers that will be never said. The poor man kneels by his bed-side, and goes to heaven before him.

I should think, a clergyman might distinguish himself by composing a set of sermons upon the ordinary virtues extolled in classic writers, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, Juvenal, &c.

1. Against family pride, might be taken from Juvenal's *Stemmata quid faciunt*, Horace's *Non quia Mæcenat*, and Marius's speech in Sallust. The text, "Is not this Joseph the carpenter's son?"

2. A sermon upon the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embellished from the classics, and would be both grateful and serviceable to the common people; as the chief passion from which they suffer is envy, I believe, misplaced.

3. Another might be calculated for each season of the year; illustrating the wisdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence—How idle to forego such fair and peaceable subjects, for the sake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predestination and election; solving the revelations; or ascertaining the precise nature of Urim and Thummim!

It is a common argument amongst divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has such consequences when we come to die. It is indeed true, but seems an argument of a subordinate kind: the article of death is more frequently of short duration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it smooths the pillow of a death-bed?

It is a question, whether the remaining superstitions among the vulgar of the English nation ought wholly to be removed: The notion of a ghost's ap-

pearance for the discovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injustice; "that what is got over the devil's back will be spent under his belly;" "that cards are the devil's books," &c.

If there be numbers of people that murder and devour their species; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human sacrifices; to leave their parents in deserts of wild beasts; to expose their offspring as soon as born, &c. &c. there should seem to be no universal moral sense; and of consequence, none.

It is not now, "We have seen his star in the east," but "We have seen his star on his breast, and are come to worship him."

It is said, and I believe justly enough, that crimes appear less heinous to a person that is about committing them, than to his conscience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foresaw it, or in that he reflects upon it? perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

The word *religio* amongst the Romans, and the word *church* among the Christians, seem to have more interpretations than almost any other. *Malus procidit, ea religione moti*—Livy, p. 1150. vol. II. Here *religio* seems to mean *prodigy*.—*Si quis tale sacrum solenne duceret, nec se sine religione et piaculo id omittere posse.* Livy, p. 1157. Here it seemingly means impiety: *Piaculum* being such an offence as required expiatory sacrifices.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

Here it means superstition, as it does often in Lucretius.

The Pope's wanton excommunications, his capricious pardon of sins, his enormous indulgences,

and other particulars of like nature, shew that (whatever religions may practise cruelty) it is peculiarly the church that makes a jest of God Almighty.

The word *church* has these different senses:

1. A set of people ordained to assist at divine service.
2. The members of a certain religious profession, including clergy and laity.
3. A large piece of building, dedicated to the service of God, and furnished with proper conveniences for those who meet to worship him.
4. A body of people, who too frequently harass and infest the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a spiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praise to their own abilities, to attribute their success in war to the peculiar favour of a just Providence! Perhaps this construction, as it is often applied, argues more of presumption than gratitude. In the first place, such is the partiality of the human heart, that perhaps two hostile nations may alike rely upon the justice of their cause; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itself discover. In the next, it should be observed, that success by no means demonstrates justice. Again, we must not wholly forget to consider, that success may be no more than a means of destruction. And lastly, supposing success to be really and absolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their desert; and if not individuals, why must we then suppose it to be the uniform recompence of society?

It is often given as a reason why it is incumbent on God Almighty's justice to punish or reward so-

cieties in this world, because hereafter they cannot be punished or rewarded, on account of their dissolution. It is, indeed, true, that human vengeance must act frequently in the gross; and whenever a government declares war against a foreign society, or finds it needful to chastise any part of its own, must of necessity involve some innocent individuals with the guilty. But it does not appear so evident, that an omniscient and omnipotent Being, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and is able to make a distinction in his punishments, will judge his unhappy creatures by these indiscriminate and imperfect laws.

Societies then are to be considered as the casual or arbitrary assortments of human institution. To suppose that God Almighty will, by means of punishments, often called judgments, destroy them promiscuously, is to suppose that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human wisdom. I mean to be understood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or, in other words, preternatural interpositions of Providence. In a natural way, the constitution of the universe requires, that the good must often suffer with the bad part of society. But in regard to judgments upon whole bodies, (which we have days appointed to deprecate), let us introduce a case, which may serve to illustrate the improbability.

Societies, I suppose then, are not divine, but human bundles.

Imagine a man to mix a large quantity of sand and gun-powder; then parcel out the composition into different heaps, and apply fire to them separately. The fire, it is very obvious, would take no notice of the bundles; would by no means consume, here and there, a bundle in the gross, but

would affect that part of every portion that was combustible.

It may speciously enough be said, what greater injustice is it to punish a society promiscuously, than to involve an innocent son in the punishment due to a sinful father? To this I answer, the natural system (which we need not doubt, upon the whole, is right) occasions both the good and bad to suffer many times indiscriminately. But they go much further—They say God, as it were, interferes, in opposition to the settled course of things, to punish and include societies in one promiscuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary punishments distinct from those which sin entails upon us, he surely would not regulate them by mere human assortments, but would make the juster distinction of good and evil individuals.

Neither do I see why it is so necessary, that societies, either here or hereafter, should be punished as societies. “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.”

How happy may a lord bishop render a peasant at the hour of death, by bestowing on him his blessing, and giving him assurance of salvation? It is the same with regard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and established to their hearts content, because they assent implicitly to the opinions of men who, they think, should know. A person of distinguished parts and learning has no such advantages; friendless, wavering, solitary, and thro’ his very situation, incapable of much assistance: If the rustic’s tenor of behaviour approach nearer to the brutes, he also appears to approach nearer to their happiness.

You pray for happiness—Consider the situation or disposition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it.

In travelling, one contrives to allow day-light for the worst part of the road. But in life, *how hard* is it, that every unhappiness seems united towards the close of our journey! pain, fatigue, and want of spirits; when spirits are more immediately necessary to our support! of which nothing can supply the place beside religion and philosophy! But then the foundation must be laid in meditation and enquiry, at an unmolested season, when our faculties are strong and vigorous; or the tempest will most probably throw down the superstructure.

How is a man said to be guilty of incredulity? Are there not sizes of understandings adapted to the different sorts, and as it were sizes, of narrations?

Conscience is adscititious; I mean, influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill grounded; therefore no certain test of truth: but at most times a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor.

The attraction of bodies and social affection of minds seem in many respects analogous.

Attractions of either kind are less perspicuous, and less perceptible, through a variety of counter-attractions that diminish their effect. Were two persons to meet in Ispahan, though quite strangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendship, on the single score of their being Englishmen? would they not pass a chearful evening together over rice and sherbett?—In like manner, suppose two or three cotemporaries only, to meet on the surface of the globe, amid myriads of persons of all other ages whatsoever, would they not discover a mutual tenderness, even though they had been enemies when living? What then remains, but that we revive the memory of such relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? That we are all countrymen, is a consideration that is more common-

ly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a smaller number also. That we are cotemporaries, and persons whom future history shall unite, who, great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with every other circumstance that tends to heighten our philanthropy, should be brought to mind as much as possible, during our abode upon earth. Hereafter it may be just, and requisite, to comprehend all ages of mankind.

The best notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation what the soul is to the body :

—*Deus est quodcunque vides, ubicunque moveris.*

What is man, while we reflect upon a Deity, whose very words are works; and all whose works are wonders!

Prayer is not used to inform, for God is omniscient: not to move compassion, for God is without passions: not to shew our gratitude, for God knows our hearts.—May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man, though he be silent?

To honour God is to conceive right notions of him, says some ancient that I have forgot.

I know not how Mr Pope's assertion is consistent with the scheme of a particular Providence:

———“The Almighty cause

“Acts not by partial, but by general laws.”

What one understands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they pursue their original course, without deviating into such excentric motions as must immediately tend to the destruction of it. Thus a philosopher is enabled to foretell eclipses with precision; and a stone thrown upward drops uniformly to the ground. Thus an injury awakes resentment;

and a good office, endears to us our benefactor. And it seems no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps, to suppose he at first constituted a system, that stood in no need either of his counteracting or suspending the first laws of motion.

But, after all, the mind remains; and we can shew it to be either impossible, or improbable, that God directs the will. Now whether the divine Being occasions a ruin to fall miraculously, or in direct opposition to the ordinary laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres—or whether he inclines Chartres to go near a wall whose center of gravity is unsupported, makes no material difference.

ON TASTE.

I BELIEVE that, generally speaking, persons eminent in one branch of taste, have the principles of the rest; and to try this, I have often solicited a stranger to hum a tune, and have seldom failed of success. This, however, does not extend to talents beyond the sphere of taste; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himself born to command a troop of horse.

Mankind, in general, may be divided into persons of understanding and persons of genius; each of which all admit of many subordinate degrees. By persons of understanding, I mean persons of sound judgment, formed for mathematical deductions and clear argumentation. By persons of genius, I would characterize those in whom true and genuine fancy predominates; and this whether assisted or not by cultivation.

I have thought that genius and judgment may, in some respects, be represented by a liquid and a solid. The former is, generally speaking, remarkable for its sensibility, but then loses its impression soon: the latter is less susceptible of impression, but retains it longer.

Dividing the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjusted:

Pedants	_____	_____	15
Persons of common sense	_____	_____	40
Wits	_____	_____	15
Fools	_____	_____	15
Persons of a wild uncultivated taste	—		10
Persons of original taste, improved by art	—		5

There is hardly any thing so uncommon, as a true native taste improved by education.

The object of taste is corporeal beauty; for tho' there is manifestly a τὸ ἀπείρον; a *pulchrum*, an *honestum*, and *decorum*, in moral actions; and although a man of taste that is not virtuous commits a greater violence upon his sentiments than any other person; yet, in the ordinary course of speaking, a person is not termed a man of taste, merely because he is a man of virtue.

All beauty may be divided into absolute and relative, and what is compounded of both.

It is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixote insist upon the superiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of adoration, demand that of others in favour of her accomplishments. Those of grave and sober sense cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, which are in truth supported by no criterion.

Every one, therefore, ought to fix some measure of beauty, before he grows eloquent upon the subject.

Every thing seems to derive its pretensions to beauty, on account of its colour, smoothness, variety, uniformity, partial resemblance to something else, proportion, or suitableness to the end proposed, some connexion of ideas, or a mixture of all these.

As to the beauty of colours, their present effect seems in proportion to their impulse; and scarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colours.

Resemblances wrought by art, pictures, bustos, statues, please.

Columns, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we suppose homogeneous materials; it

is otherwise, in case we know that a column is made of iron.

Habit, herein, seems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppose the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requisite in point of respiration, would not the present make of mouths have subjected a man to the name of Bocha Chica?

It is probable, that a clown would require more colour in his Chloe's face than a courtier.

We may see daily the strange effects of habit, in respect of fashion. To what colours, or proportions, does it not reconcile us!

Conceit is false taste; and very widely different from no taste at all.

Beauty of person should, perhaps, be estimated according to the proportion it bears to such a make and features as are most likely to produce the love of the opposite sex. The look of dignity, the look of wisdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, seem in some measure foreign. Perhaps, the appearance of sensibility may be one ingredient; and that of health another. At least a cadaverous countenance is the most disgusting in the world.

I know not, if one reason of the different opinions concerning beauty be not owing to self-love. People are apt to form some criterion, from their own persons, or possessions. A tall person approves the look of a folio or octavo: a square thick-set man is more delighted with a quarto. This instance, at least may serve to explain what I intend.

I believe, it sometimes happens that a person may have what the artists call an ear and an eye, without taste: for instance, a man may sometimes have a quickness in distinguishing the similitude or difference of lines and sounds, without any skill to

give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them.

Taste produces different effects upon different complexions. It consists, as I have often observed, in the appetite and the discernment; then most properly so called, when they are united in equal proportions.

Where the discernment is predominant, a person is pleased with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he sees. Where the appetite prevails, he is so much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifested. I frankly own myself to be of this latter class: I love painting and statuary so well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances.

The reason people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the resemblance it bears to the original, seems no other than that they lay stress on different features in the original; and this different stress is owing to different complexions of mind.

People of little or no taste commend a person for its corpulency. I cannot see, why an excrescence of belly, cheek or chin, should be deemed more beautiful than a wen on any other part of the body. Through a connexion of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox.

There seems a pretty exact analogy between the objects and the senses. Some tunes, some tastes, some visible objects, please at first, and that only; others only by degrees, and then long—(Raspberry-jelly—Green-tea—Alley-Croaker—Air in Ariadne—a Baron's robe—and a Bishop's Lawn). Perhaps, some of these instances may be ill enough chosen; but the thing is true.

Tunes, with words, please me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are assigned. Scotch tunes often end high : their language does the same.

To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I presume the most regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features is at the same time the most healthful one : the fittest to perform the functions and operations of the body. If so, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form—Health is beauty, and the most perfect health is the most perfect beauty. To have recourse to experience : the most sickly and cadaverous countenance is the least provocative to love ; or rather the most inconsistent with it. A florid look, to appear beautiful, must be the bloom of health, and not the glow of a fever.

An obvious connexion may be traced betwixt moral and physical beauty ; the love of symmetry and the love of virtue ; an elegant taste and perfect honesty. We may, we must, rise from the love of natural to that of moral beauty ; such is the conclusion of Plato, and of my Lord Shaftesbury.

Wherever there is a want of taste we generally observe a love of money, and cunning : and whenever taste prevails, a want of prudence, and an utter disregard to money.

Taste (or a just relish of beauty) seems to distinguish us from the brute creation, as much as intellect, or reason. We do not find that brutes have any sensation of this sort. A bull is goaded by the love of sex in general, without the least appearance of any distinction in favour of the more beautiful individual. Accordingly men devoid of taste are in a great measure indifferent as to make, complexion,

feature; and find a difference of sex sufficient to excite their passion in all its fervour. It is not thus where there is a taste for beauty, either accurate or erroneous. The person of a good taste requires real beauty in the object of his passion; and the person of bad taste requires something which he substitutes in the place of beauty.

Persons of taste, it has been asserted, are also the best qualified to distinguish, and the most prone to admire, moral virtue: nor does it invalidate this maxim, that their practice does not correspond. The power of acting virtuously depends in great measure upon withstanding a present, and perhaps sensual, gratification, for the sake of a more distant and intellectual satisfaction. Now, as persons of fine taste are men of the strongest sensual appetites, it happens that in balancing present and future, they are apt enough to allow an unreasonable advantage to the former. On the other hand, a more phlegmatic character may, with no greater self-denial, allow the future fairer play. But let us wave the merely sensual indulgences; and let us consider the man of taste in regard to points of *meum* and *tuum*; in regard to the virtues of forgiveness; in regard to charity, compassion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taste the glorious triumph which it deserves.

There is a kind of counter-taste, founded on surprise and curiosity, which maintains a sort of rivalry with the true; and may be expressed by the name *concelto*. Such is the fondness of some persons for a knife-haft made from the Royal Oak, or a tobacco-stopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakespeare's own planting. It gratifies an empty curiosity. Such is the casual resemblance of Apollo and the nine Muses in a piece of agate; a dog expressed

in feathers, or a wood-cock in mohair. They serve to give surprize. But a just fancy will no more esteem a picture because it proves to be produced by shells, than a writer would prefer a pen because a person made it with his toes. In all such cases, difficulty should not be allowed to give a casting weight; nor a needle be considered as a painter's instrument, when he is so much better furnished with a pencil *.

Perhaps no print, or even painting, is capable of producing a figure answerable to the idea which poetry or history has given us of great men: a Cicero, for instance, an Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The same, perhaps, is true of the grandeur of some ancient buildings; and the reason is, that the effects of a pencil are distinct and limited, whereas the descriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indistinctness of out-line is one source of the sublime.

What an absurdity is it, in framing even prints, to suffer a margin of white paper to appear beyond the ground; destroying half the relievo the lights are intended to produce! Frames ought to contrast with paintings; or to appear as distinct as possible: for which reason, frames of wood inlaid, or otherwise variegated with colours, are less suitable than gilt ones, which exhibiting an appearance of metal, afford the best contrast with colour.

* Cornelius Ketel, born at Gonda in 1548; landed in England 1573; settled at Amsterdam 1581; took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers instead of pencils. The whim took, his success increased, his fingers appearing too easy tools, he then undertook to paint with his feet. See H. Walpole's Book of Painters.

The peculiar expression in some portraits is owing to the greater or less manifestation of the soul in some of the features.

There is, perhaps, a sublime and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, exclusive of any particular expression of the soul; or at least not expressive of any other than a tame dispassionate one. We see often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion, almost totally unanimated by any discovery of the temper or understanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty of complexion, the strong expression of sagacity and generosity, concur in one face, the features are irresistible.

But even here it is to be observed, that a sort of sympathy has a prodigious bias. Thus a pensive beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a spectator of the pensive cast; and so of the rest.

The soul appears to me to discover herself most in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eye of the understanding.

Is a portrait, supposing it as like as can be to the person for whom it is drawn, a more or less beautiful object than the original face? I should think, a perfect face must be much more pleasing than any representation of it; and a set of ugly features much more ugly than the most exact resemblance that can be drawn of them. Painting can do much by means of shades; but not equal the force of real relieve: on which account, it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminished; but surely, can never be the interest of good ones.

Softness of manner seems to be in painting, what smoothness of syllables is in language, affecting the

sense of sight or hearing, previous to any correspondent passion.

The "theory of agreeable sensations" founds them upon the greatest activity or exercise an object occasions to the senses, without proceeding to fatigue. Violent contrasts are upon the footing of roughness or inequality. Harmony or similitude, on the other hand, are somewhat congenial to smoothness. In other words, these two recommend themselves; the one to our love of action, the other to our love of rest. A medium, therefore, may be most agreeable to the generality.

An harmony in colours seems as requisite, as a variety of lines seems necessary to the pleasure we expect from outward forms. The lines, indeed, should be well varied; but yet the opposite sides of any thing should shew a balance, or an appearance of equal quantity, if we would strive to please a well-constituted taste.

It is evident enough to me, that persons often occur, who may be said to have an ear to music, and an eye for proportions in visible objects; who nevertheless can hardly be said to have a relish or taste for either. I mean, that a person may distinguish notes and tones to a nicety, and yet not give a discerning choice to what is preferable in music. The same in objects of sight.

On the other hand, they cannot have a proper feeling of beauty or harmony, without a power of discriminating those notes and proportions on which harmony and beauty so fully depend.

What is said, in a treatise lately published, for beauty's being more common than deformity, (and seemingly with excellent reason), may be also said for virtue's being more common than vice.

Query, Whether beauty does not as much require

an opposition of lines, as it does an harmony of colours?

The passion for antiquity, as such, seems in some measure opposite to the taste for beauty or perfection. It is rather the foible of a lazy and pusillanimous disposition, looking back and resting with pleasure on the steps by which we have arrived thus far, than the bold and enterprising spirit of a genius, whose ambition fires him only to reach the goal. Such as is described (on another occasion) in the zealous and active charioteer of Horace;

—*hunc atque hunc superare laboret.*

*Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus; illum
Præteritum temens extremos inter euntem.*

Again, the

Nil actum reputans, si quid restaret agendum,
is the least applicable, of any character, to a mere antiquarian; who, instead of endeavouring to approve or to excel, contents himself, perhaps, with discovering the very name of a first inventor; or with tracing back an art that is flourishing, to the very first source of its original deformity.

I have heard it claimed by adepts in music, that the pleasure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little or nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be compared to what they feel themselves from the most perfect composition. The state of the question may be best explained by a recourse to objects that are analogous. Is a country-fellow less struck with beauty than a philosopher or an anatomist, who knows how that beauty is produced? Surely no. On the other hand, by an attention to the effect, they may, indeed, feel a pleasure of another sort—The faculty of reason may obtain some kind of balance, for

what the more feasible faculty of the imagination loses.

I am much inclined to suppose our ideas of beauty depend greatly upon habit; what I mean is, upon the familiarity with objects which we happen to have seen since we came into the world: our taste for uniformity, from what we have observed in the individual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beast, a bird, or insect, &c.—our taste for regularity, from what is within our power to observe in the several perfections of the whole system.

A landscape, for instance, is always irregular, and to use regularity in painting, or gardening, would make our work unnatural and disagreeable. Thus we allow beauty to the different, and almost opposite, proportions of all animals.

There is, I think, a beauty in some forms, independent of any use to which they can be applied. I know not whether this may not be resolved into smoothness of surface; with variety to a certain degree, that is comprehensible without much difficulty.

As to the dignity of colours, Query, Whether those that affect the eye most forcibly, for instance scarlet, may not claim the first place; allowing their beauty to cloy soonest; and other colours, the next, according to their impulse; allowing them to produce a more durable pleasure?

It may be convenient to divide beauty into the absolute and relative. Absolute is that above mentioned. Relative is that by which an object pleases, through the relation it bears to some other.

Our taste of beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas that have entered the imagination from our birth. This seems to occasion the different opinions that prevail concerning it. For instance, a

foreign eye esteems those features and dresses handsome, which we think deformed.

Is it not then likely that those who have seen most objects throughout the universe, *cæteris paribus*, will be the most impartial judges; because they will judge truest of the general proportion which was intended by the Creator, and is best.

The beauty of most objects is partly of the absolute, and partly of the relative kind. A Corinthian pillar has some beauty dependent on its variety and smoothness; which I would call absolute: it has also a relative beauty, dependent on its taperness and foliage; which, authors say, was first copied from the leaves of plants, and the shape of a tree.

Uniformity should, perhaps, be added as another source of absolute beauty (when it appears in one single object). I do not know any other reason, but that it renders the whole more easily comprehended. It seems that nature herself considers it as beauty, as the external parts of the human frame are made uniform to please the sight; which is rarely the case of the internal that are not seen.

Hutchinson determines absolute beauty to depend on this, and on variety; and says it is in a compound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a square; and a square, a figure of unequal sides; but carry variety to an extreme, and it loses its effect. For instance, multiply the number of angles till the mind loses the uniformity of parts, and the figure is less pleasing; or, as it approaches nearer to a round, it may be said to be robbed of its variety.

But, amidst all these eulogiums of variety, it is proper to observe, that novelty sometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that some degree of familiarity introduces a discovery of relative beauty,

more than adequate to the bloom of novelty. This is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of some tunes, and the flavour of some dishes. In short, it requires some familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another.

Variety in the same object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation (which is the case in foliage, bustos, basso-relievos, painting), requires uniformity. For instance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal sides; which is at once various and disagreeable.

22422
A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
LEASOWES,
THE
SEAT
OF THE LATE
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

Vol. II.

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DISCUSSION

DISCUSSION

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A
D E S C R I P T I O N
O F
T H E L E A S O W E S.

THIS delightful place is situated in the parish of Hales Owen, a small market-town in the county of Salop, thirty miles from Shrewsbury, and near ten from the borders of Shropshire. It was never distinguished for any peculiar beauties till it came into the possession of its late owner. It was reserved for a person of his ingenuity, both to discover and improve them; which he has done so effectually, that it ranks now among the first of those delightful scenes, which persons of taste, in the present age, are desirous to see. Far from violating its natural beauties; Mr Shenstone's only study was to give them their full effect: and to conceal that fine art and design with which his exquisite taste had embellished these beautiful scenes, under the appearance of untutored and luxuriant nature.

We will now proceed to a more particular description. About half a mile short of Hales Owen, in the way from Birmingham to Bewdly, you quit the

great road, and turn into a green lane on the left hand, where, by a winding descent, you arrive at the bottom of a deep valley finely shaded. The first object that occurs is a kind of ruined wall, and a small gate, within an arch, inscribed, "The Priory Gate." From this the company that visit the place generally go up with their equipage or horse to the house. Passing through a small gate, at the bottom of the fine swelling lawn that surrounds the house, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your right. The path and water, over-shadowed with trees that grow upon the slopes of this narrow dingle, render the scene cool, solemn, and sequestered; and form so striking a contrast to the lively scene you have just left, that you seem all on a sudden landed in a kind of subterraneous region. Winding forward down the valley, you pass beside a small root-house, where on a tablet are these lines:

" Here in cool grot, and mossy cell,
 " We rural fays and fairies dwell;
 " Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
 " When the pale moon, ascending high,
 " Darts thro' yon limes her quivering beams,
 " We frisk it near these crystal streams.

" Her beams, reflected from the wave,
 " Afford the light our revels crave;
 " The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
 " Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
 " Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 " But listen to the water's fall.

" Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
 " Be sure your bosoms be serene;

" Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,

" Devoid of all that poisons life :

" And much it 'vails you in their place,

" To graft the love of human race,

" And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,

" Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers ;

" So may your path with sweets abound !

" So may your couch with rest be crown'd !

" But harm betide the wayward swain,

" Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane."

These sentiments well correspond with the ideas we form of the abode of fairies; and appearing deep in this romantic valley, serve to keep alive such enthusiastic images while this scene continues.

You now pass through the Priory Gate before-mentioned, into a part of the valley somewhat different from the former; tall trees, high irregular ground, and rugged scars. The right presents you with, perhaps, the most natural, if not the most striking of the cascades here found: the left, with a sloping grove of oaks; and the center, with a pleasing circular landscape appearing through the trees, of which Hales Owen steeple, and other objects at a distance, form a striking part. The seat beneath the ruined wall has these lines of Virgil inscribed, suiting well with the proprietor's late situation.

———*Lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
Incolimus.*

You now proceed a few paces down the valley to another bench, where you have this cascade in front,

which, together with the internal arch and other appendages, make a pretty irregular picture. It may be observed once for all, that a number of these extempore benches (two stumps with a transverse board) seem chiefly intended as hints to spectators, lest in passing cursorily thro' the farm they might suffer any part of that immense variety the place furnishes to escape their notice. The stream attending us, with its agreeable murmurs, as we descend along this pleasing valley, we come next to a small seat, where we have a sloping grove upon the right, and on the left a striking vista to the steeple of Hales Owen, which is here seen in a new light. We now descend farther into this shady and sequestered valley, accompanied on the right by the same brawling rivulet running over pebbles, till it empties itself into a fine piece of water at the bottom. The path here winding to the left, conforms to the water before mentioned: running round the foot of a small hill, and accompanying this semicircular lake into another winding valley, somewhat more open, and not less pleasing than the former. However, before we enter this, it will be proper to mention a seat about the center of this water scene, where the ends of the water are lost in the two valleys on each side; and in front it is invisibly connected with another piece of water, of about twenty acres, open to Mr Shenstone, but without his territory. This last was a performance of the monks, and part of a prodigious chain of fish-ponds that belonged to Hales Abbey. The back ground of this scene holds up to the eye a pleasing picture of villages and varied ground.

We now leave the Priory upon the left, which is not intended for an object here, and wind along

into the other valley. And here I cannot but take notice of the judgment with which this piece of water is formed; for, although it be not very large, yet, as it is framed by the concurrence of three valleys, in which two of the ends are hid, and in the third seeming to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance, unbounded. I must confess I never saw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleased me better. But it may be right to mention, that this water, in its full extent, has a yet more important effect from Mr Shenstone's house, where it is seen to a great advantage. We now, by a pleasing serpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the slopes on each side covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a common bench, affording a retiring place secluded from every eye, and a short respite, during which the eye reposes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket.

We now proceed to a seat beneath a fine canopy of spreading oak, on the back of which is this inscription:

*Huc ades, O Melibæ! caper tibi salvus et hædi;
Et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra.*

The picture before it is that of a beautiful home scene; a small lawn of well-varied ground, encompassed with hills and well-grown oaks, and embellished with a cast of the piping Faunus, amid trees and shrubs on a slope upon the left; and on the right and nearer the eye, with an urn thus inscribed:

INGENIO ET AMICITIE
GULIELMI SOMERVILLE.

And on the opposite side,

G. S. POSUIT,

Debita spargens lacrima favillam

Vatis amici.

The scene is enclosed on all sides by trees; in the middle only there is an opening, where the lawn is continued and winds out of sight.

Here entering a gate, you are led through a thicket of many sort of willows, into a large root-house, inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford. It seems, that worthy peer was present at the first opening of the cascade which is the principal object from the root-house, where the eye is presented with a fairy vision, consisting of an irregular and romantic fall of water of a very unusual appearance, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity; which forms a very striking scene. Other cascades may possibly have the advantage of a greater descent and a larger torrent; but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the same time strictly natural, is what I never saw in any place whatever. This scene, though comparatively small, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this close and overshadowed valley; and are so much transported with the intricacy of scene, and the concealed height from whence it falls, that we, without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In short, it is not but upon recollection that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but rather a waterfall in miniature; and that the same artifice, upon a large scale, were there large trees instead of small ones, and a river instead of a rill, would be capable

of forming a scene that would exceed the height of our ideas. But I will not dwell longer upon this inimitable scene; those who would admire it properly must view it, as surely as those that view it must admire it beyond almost any thing they ever saw.

Proceeding on the right-hand path, the next seat affords a scene of what Mr Shenstone termed his forest ground, consisting of wild green slopes peeping through dingle, or irregular groupings of trees, a confused mixture of savage and cultivated ground, held up to the eye, and forming a landscape fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

Winding on beside this lawn, which is over-arched with spreading trees, the eye catches at intervals, over an intermediate hill, the spire of Hales church, forming here a perfect obelisk—the urn to Mr Somerville, &c. And now passing through a thicket, we arrive at a natural bower of almost circular oaks, inscribed in the manner following:

“ To Mr DODSLEY.

“ Come then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display,

“ Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay;

“ Ah, rather come, and in these dells disown

“ The care of other strains, and tune thine own.”

On the bank above it, amid the forementioned shrubs, is a statue of the piping fawn, which not only embellishes this scene, but is also seen from the court before the house, and from other places. It is surrounded by venerable oaks, and very happily situated. From this bower also you look down upon the fore-mentioned irregular ground shut up

with trees on all sides, except some few openings to the more pleasing parts of this romantic and hilly country. The next little bench offers the first, but not most striking, view of the Priory. It is indeed a small building; but seen as it is beneath trees, and its extremity also hid by these, it has in some sort the dignity and solemn appearance of a larger edifice.

Passing through a gate, we enter a small open grove, where the first seat we find affords a picturesque view, through trees, of a clump of oaks at a distance, over-shadowing a little cottage upon a green hill. We thence immediately enter a perfect dome or circular temple of magnificent beeches, in the center of which it was intended to place an antique altar, or a statue of Pan. The path, serpentinizing through this open grove, leads us by an easy ascent to a small bench with this motto:

*Me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori
Secernant populo.*

Hor.

which alludes to the retired situation of the grove. There is also seen through an opening to the left, a pleasing landscape of a distant hill, with a whited farm-house upon the summit; and to the right hand a beautiful round slope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal seat on its center; to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us. But we first arrive at another view of the Priory, more advantageous, and at a better distance, to which the eye is led down a green slope, through a scenery of tall oaks, in a most agreeable manner; the grove we have just past on one side, and a hill of trees and thicket on the other, conducting the

eye to a narrow opening through which it appears.

We now ascend to a small bench, where the circumjacent country begins to open; in particular a glass-house appears between two large clumps of trees, at about the distance of four miles; the glass-houses in this country not ill resembling a distant pyramid. Ascending to the next seat, which is in the Gothic form, the scene grows more and more extended; woods and lawns, hills and vallies, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. On the back of this seat is the following inscription, which the author told me he chose to fix here, to supply what he thought some want of life in this part of the farm, and to keep up the spectator's attention till he came to scale the hill beyond.

INSCRIPTION.

' Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain

' Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?

' Joy that suits the rural sphere?

' Gentle shepherd, lend an ear.

' Learn to relish calm delight,

' Verdant vales and fountains bright;

' Trees that nod on sloping hills,

' Caves that echo tinkling rills.

' If thou canst no charm disclose

' In the simplest bud that blows;

' Go, forsake thy plain and fold,

' Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

' Tranquil pleasures never cloy;

' Banish each tumultuous joy:

‘ All but love—for love inspires

‘ Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

‘ Love and all its joys be thine—

‘ Yet, ere thou the reins resign,

‘ Hear what reason seems to say,

‘ Hear attentive, and obey.

“ Crimson leaves the rose adorn,

“ But beneath ’em lurks a thorn ;

“ Fair and flow’ry is the brake,

“ Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

“ Think not she, whose empty pride

“ Dares the fleecy garb deride,

“ Think not she, who, light and vain,

“ Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

“ Artless deed and simple dress

“ Mark the chosen shepherdes ;

“ Thoughts by decency controll’d,

“ Well conceiv’d and freely told :

“ Sense, that shuns each conscious air,

“ Wit that falls ere well aware ;

“ Generous pity, prone to sigh

“ If her kid or lambkin die.

“ Let not lucre, let not pride,

“ Draw thee from such charms aside ;

“ Have not those their proper sphere ?

“ Gentler passions triumph here.

“ See, to sweeten thy repose,

“ The blossom buds, the fountain flows ;

“ Lo ! to crown thy healthful board,

“ All that milk and fruits afford.

" Seek no more—the rest is vain;

" Pleasure ending soon in pain:

" Anguish lightly gilded o'er:

" Close thy wish, and seek no more."

And now passing through a wicket, the path winds up the back part of a circular green hill, discovering little of the country till you enter a clump of stately firs upon the summit. Over-arched by these firs is an octagonal seat, the back of which is so contrived as to form a table or pedestal for a bowl or goblet, thus inscribed—

" To all friends round the Wrekin!"

This facetious inscription, being an old Shropshire health, is a commemoration of his country friends, from which this part of Shropshire is divided. Add to this, that the Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front at the distance of about thirty miles. The scene is a very fine one, divided by the firs into several compartments, each answering to the octagonal seat in the center, and to each is allotted a competent number of striking objects to make a complete picture. A long serpentine stream laves the foot of this hill, and is lost under trees at one end, and a bridge thrown over at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home scenes to very beautiful distant ones. It is impossible to give an idea of that immense variety, that fine composition of parts, which catch our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have a simple scene of a cottage, and a road winding behind a farm-house half covered with trees upon the top of some wild sloping ground; and in another, a view of the town, appearing from hence

as upon the shelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat. Suffice it to say, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and single houses, blue distant mountains that skirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled, that form the intermediate ground, make this spot more than commonly striking—nor is there to be seen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

Proceeding a little further we wind through a small thicket, and soon enter a cavity in the hill filled with trees, in the center of which is a seat, from whence is discovered, gleaming across the trees, a considerable length of the serpentine stream before mentioned, running under a slight rustic bridge to the right. Hence we ascend into a kind of Gothic alcove, looking down a slope, sided with large oaks and tall beeches, which together over-arch the scene. On the back of this building is found the following

INSCRIPTION.

- “ O you that bathe in courtly blyffe,
 “ Or toyle in fortune’s giddy spheare;
 “ Do not too rashly deem amyffe
 “ Of him, that bydes contented here.
 “ Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
 “ Which o’er each carelesse lymbe he flyng;
 “ Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
 “ In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.
 “ Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
 “ Devoide of worldlye cark he stray :

"Or all beside some flowery lawne,

"He waste his inoffensive daye.

"So may he pardonne fraud and strife,

"If such in courtlye haunt he see :

"For faults there beene in busye life,

"From whence these peaceful glennes are free."

Below this alcove is a large sloping lawn, finely bounded, crossed by the serpentine water before mentioned, and interspersed with single oaks, or clumps of them at agreeable distances. Further on, the scene is pleasantly varied; the hills rising and falling towards the opposite concavities, by the side of a long winding vale, with the most graceful confusion. Among other scenes that compose this landscape, a fine hanging wood, backed and contrasted with a wild heath, intersected with cross roads, is a very considerable object. Near adjoining to this, is a seat, from whence the water is seen to advantage in many different stages of its progress; or where (as a poetical friend once observed) the proprietor has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led her an irregular dance into the valley.

Proceeding hence through a wicket, we enter upon another lawn, beyond which is a new theatre of wild shaggy precipices, hanging coppice ground, and smooth round hills between, being not only different, but even of an opposite character to the ground from which we passed. Walking along the head of this lawn, we come to a seat under a spreading beech, with this

INSCRIPTION.

*Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,*

*Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Audius atque
Dii melius fecere.*

In the center of the hanging lawn before you, is discovered the house, half hid with trees and bushes. A little hanging wood, and a piece of winding water, issues through a noble clump of large oaks and spreading beeches. At the distance of about ten or twelve miles, Lord Stamford's grounds appear; and beyond these the Clee Hills in Shropshire. The scene here consists of admirably varied ground, and is, I think, a very fine one. Hence, passing still along the top of the lawn, we cross another gate, and behind the scene begin to descend into the valley. About half way down is a small bench, which throws the eye upon a near scene of hanging woods and shaggy wild declivities, intermixed with smooth green slopes and scenes of cultivation.

Returning again into the great lawn at bottom, we soon come to a seat, which gives a nearer view of the water before mentioned, between the trunks of high over-shadowing oaks and beeches: beyond which the winding line of trees is continued down the valley to the right. To the left, at a distance, the top of Clent hill appears, and the house upon a swell, amidst trees and bushes. In the center, the eye is carried by a sidelong view down a length of lawn, till it rests upon the town and spire of Hales, with some picturesque and beautiful ground rising behind it.

Beside the path, and in the center of a noble clump of stately beeches, is a seat with the following inscription:

IOSEPHO SPENCE

EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;

CVI DICARI VELLE

MV SARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM

CHORVS,

DICAT AMICITIA.

MDCCLVII.

We now, through a small gate, enter what is called the Lover's Walk, and proceed immediately to a seat where the water is seen very advantageously at full length; which, though not large, is so agreeably shaped, and has its bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is over-hung with most stately oaks and beeches; and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a groupe of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied, with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill: Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing gloom of this agreeable walk, and come to a bench beneath a spreading beech that overhangs both walk and water, which has been called the Affignation Seat, and has this inscription on the back of it.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,

Candidior cygnis, hederæ formosior alba!

Cum primum pastis repetent præsepia tauri,

Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a depth of shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling rill, either forming little peninsulas, rolling over pebbles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover, and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very soft and pensive scene, very properly styled the Lover's Walk, is terminated with an ornamented urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age, in the following words on one side:

PERAMABILI SUE CONSOBRINÆ

M. D.

On the other side :

AH MARIA

PVELLARUM ELEGANTISSIMA,

AH FLORE VENUSTATIS ABREPTA,

VALE!

HEU QVANTO MINVS EST

CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,

QVAM TVI

MEMINISSE!

The ascent from hence winds somewhat more steeply to another seat, where the eye is thrown over a rough scene of broken and furzy ground; upon a piece of water in the flat, whose extremities are hid behind trees and shrubs, amongst which the house appears, and makes upon the whole no unpleasing picture. The path still winds under cover up the hill, the steep declivity of which is somewhat eased

by the serpentine sweep of it, till we come to a small bench with this line from Pope's *Eloisa*:

“Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!”

The opening before it presents a solitary scene of trees, thickets, and precipice, and terminates upon a green hill with a clump of firs on the top of it.

We now find the great use as well as beauty of the serpentine path in climbing up this wood. The first seat of which, alluding to the rural scene before it, has the following lines from Virgil:

——— *Hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*

Here the eye, looking down a slope beneath the spreading arms of oak and beech trees, passes first over some rough furzy ground, then over water to the large swelling lawn, in the center of which the house is discovered among trees and thickets. This forms the fore ground. Beyond this appears a swell of waste furzy land, diversified with a cottage, and a road that winds behind a farm-house, and a fine clump of trees. The back scene of all is a semi-circular range of hills, diversified with woods, scenes of cultivation, and enclosures, to about four or five miles distance.

Still winding up into the wood, we come to a slight seat, where through an opening among the trees we view a bridge of five piers, crossing a large piece of water at about half a mile's distance. The next seat looks down from a considerable height, along the side of a steep precipice, upon irregular and pleasing ground. And now we turn upon a sudden into a long straight-lined walk in the wood,

arched over with tall trees, and terminating with a small rustic building. Though the walk, as I said, be straight-lined, yet the base rises and falls so agreeably, as leaves no room to censure its formality. This avenue runs the whole length of this hanging wood, and about the middle of it we arrive unexpectedly at a lofty Gothic seat, whence we look down a slope, more considerable than that before mentioned, through the wood on each side. This view is indeed a fine one; the eye first travelling down over well-variegated ground into the valley, where is a large piece of water, whose sloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river. The ground from hence rises gradually to the top of Clent Hill, at three or four miles distance, and the landscape is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, and the late Lord Dudley's house, and a large wood of Lord Lyttleton's. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this view; the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects and beautiful shape of ground; and all at such a distance as to admit of being seen distinctly.

Hence we proceed to the rustic building before-mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed of rough unhewn stone. It is commonly called the Temple of Pan; has a trophy of the Tibia and Syrinx, and this inscription over the entrance:

*Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures
Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.*

Hence mounting once more to the right, through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a lightesome high natural terrace, whence the eye is thrown over all the scenes we have seen before, together with many fine additional ones, and all be-

held from a declivity that approaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a seat thus inscribed:

DIVINI GLORIA RVRIS

To give a better idea of this, by far the most magnificent scene here, it were, perhaps, best to divide it into two distinct parts; the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right. — In regard to the former; if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch bowl, ornamented with in with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever yet devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the highest idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happiness. He would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffice it to say, that the horizon, or brim, is as finely varied as the cavity. It would be idle here to mention the Clee Hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh mountains, or Caer Caradoc, at a prodigious distance; which, though they finish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the Leasowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the opposite side thereof well fringed with woods; and the high hills on one side this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other. But these are a kind of objects, which, though really noble in the survey, will not strike a reader in description, as they would a spectator upon the spot.

Hence returning back into the wood, and crossing Pan's temple, we go directly down the slope, into another part of Mr Shenstone's grounds. the path leading through very pleasing home scenes of well

shaped ground, exhibiting a most perfect concave and convex, till we arrive at a seat under a noble beech, presenting a rich variety of fore-ground, and at, perhaps, half a mile's distance, the Gothic alcove on a hill well covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more distant part of the concave, and a farm-house upon the right, all picturesque objects.

The next and the subsequent seat afford pretty much the same scenes a little enlarged; with the addition of that remarkable clump of trees, called Frankly beeches, adjoining to the old family seat of the Lyttletons, from whence the present Lord Lyttleton derives his title.

We come now to an handsome Gothic screen, backed with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in full front upon a cascade in the valley, issuing from beneath a dark shade of poplars. The house appears in the center of a large swelling lawn, bushed with trees and thicket. The pleasing variety of easy swells and hollows, bounded by scenes less smooth and cultivated, affords the most delightful picture of domestic retirement and tranquillity.

We now descend to a seat enclosed with handsome pales, and backed with firs, inscribed to Lord Lyttleton. It presents a beautiful view up a valley contracted gradually, and ending in a groupe of most magnificent oaks and beeches. The right-hand side is enlivened with two striking cascades, and a winding stream seen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left appears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the Gothic screen on the slope of the center.

Winding still downwards, we come to a small seat, where one of the offices of the house, and a view of a

cottage on very high ground, is seen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent valley, giving an agreeable instance of the abrupt inequality of ground in this romantic well-variegated country. The next seat shews another appearance of the same valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two seeming groves without any cascade, as a contrast to the former one, where it was broken by cascades. The scene very significantly alluded to by the motto :

*Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius!*

We descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called Virgil's Grove, where on the entrance we pass by a small obelisk on the right hand with this inscription :

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

Before this is a slight bench, where some of the same objects are beheld again, but in a different point of light. It is difficult either to paint or describe this delightful grove : however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope an excuse for an imperfect description, for the difficulty found by those who have aimed to sketch it with their pencil. Let it, therefore, be first observed, that the whole scene is opaque and gloomy, consisting of a small deep valley or dingle ; the sides of which are inclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood ; and the whole over-shadowed with lofty trees rising out of the bottom of the dingle,

through which a copious stream makes its way along mossy banks, enamelled with primroses, and variety of wild wood flowers. The first seat we arrive at is thus inscribed :

CELEBERRIMO POETÆ

IACOBO THOMSON

PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS.

G. S.

SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

*Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
Saxosæ inter decurrunt flumina valles.*

This seat stands upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley; from which the eye is drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is agreeably broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude nich of rock work, through fern, liverwort, and aquatic weeds. The green area in the middle, through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be imagined. After falling down these cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right; and after these objects have some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most beautiful cascades imaginable is seen, by way of incident, through a kind of vista, or glade, falling down a precipice over-

arched with trees, and strikes us with surprise. It is impossible to express the pleasure which one feels on this occasion; for though surprise alone is not excellence, it may serve to heighten the effect of what is beautiful. I believe, none ever behold this grove, without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to chuse any one particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this; although it so well contrasts both with the terrace and with some other scenes, that one cannot wish them ever to be divided.

We now proceed to a seat at the bottom of a large root on the side of a slope, with this inscription,

‘ O let me haunt this peaceful shade;

‘ Nor let Ambition e’er invade

‘ The tenants of this leafy bowser

‘ That shun her paths, and flight her power.

‘ Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies

‘ From social meads, and open skies;

‘ Pleas’d by this rill her course to steer,

‘ And hide her sapphire plumage here.

‘ The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,

‘ Forsakes the river’s proud domains;

‘ Forsakes the sun’s unwelcome gleam,

‘ To lurk within this humble stream.

‘ And sure I hear the Naiad say,

“ Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way,

“ Tho’ lovely soft thy murmurs are,

“ Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

“ Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain

“ Thy small unsully’d stores disdain:

Nor let the pensive sage repine,

Whose latent course resembles thine."

The view from it is a calm tranquil scene of water, gliding through the sloping ground, with a sketch through the trees of a small pond below.

The scene in this place is that of water stealing along through a rude sequestered vale, the ground on each side covered with weeds and field-flowers, as that before is kept close shaven. Farther on, we lose all sight of water, and only hear the noise, without having the appearance; a kind of effect which the Chinese are fond of producing in what they call their scenes of enchantment. We now turn all on a sudden upon the high cascade, which we admired before in vista. The scene around is quite a grotto of native stone running up it, roots of trees overhanging it, and the whole shaded over-head. However, we first approach upon the left a chalybeat spring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and this inscription upon a stone:

FONS FERRUGINEUS

DIVE QUE SECESSV ISTO FRV

CONCEDIT.

Then turning to the right, we find a stone seat, making part of the aforesaid cave, with this well-applied inscription,

Intus aque dulcis, vivoque sedilia saxo;

Nympharum Domus.

Which Mr Shenstone used to term the definition of a grotto. We now wind up a shady path on the left hand, and crossing the head of this cascade, pass

beside the river that supplies it, in our way up to the house. One seat first occurs under a shady oak as we ascend the hill; soon after, we enter the shrubbery which half surrounds the house, where we find two seats thus inscribed, to two of his most particular friends. The first thus,

AMICITIÆ ET MERITIS

RICHARDI GRAVES:

Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,

Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocabant.

And a little further the other, with the following inscription,

AMICITIÆ ET MERITIS

RICHARDI JAGO.

From this last is an opening down the valley over a large sliding lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece of water crossed by a considerable bridge in the flat—the steeple of Hales, a village amid trees, forming on the whole a very pleasing picture. Thus winding through flowering shrubs, beside a menagerie for doves, we are conducted to the stables. But let it not be forgot, that on the entrance in to this shrubbery, the first object that strikes us is a Venus de Medicis, beside a basin of gold fish, encompassed round with shrubs, and illustrated with the following inscription.

—Semi-reducta Venus.

“TO Venus, Venus here retir’d,

“ My sober vows I pay:

“ Not her on Paphian plains admir’d,

“ The bold, the pert, the gay.

" Not her whose amorous leer prevail'd

" To bribe the Phrygian boy;

" Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd

" To save disast'rous Troy.

" Fresh rising from the foamy tide,

" She every bosom warms;

" While half withdrawn she seems to hide,

" And half reveals her charms.

" Learn hence, ye boastful sons of taste,

" Who plan the rural shade;

" Learn hence to shun the vicious waste

" Of pomp, at large display'd.

" Let sweet concealment's magic art

" Your mazy bounds invest;

" And while the sight unveils a part,

" Let fancy paint the rest.

" Let coy reserve with cost unite

" To grace your wood or field;

" No ray obtrusive pall the sight,

" In aught you paint, or build.

" And far be driven the sumptuous glare

" Of gold, from British groves;

" And far the meretricious air

" Of China's vain alcoves.

" 'Tis bashful beauty ever twines

" The most coercive chain;

" 'Tis she, that sov'reign rule declines,

" Who best deserves to reign."

2

VERSES
TO
MR SHENSTONE.

Written on a Ferme Ornée, near Birmingham.

By the late Lady LUXBOROUGH.

'TIS Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,
And wisely gives them Cynthio to revise:
To veil each blemish; brighten every grace;
Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.
How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;
These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
Where modest art in silence lurks conceal'd,
While nature shines so gracefully reveal'd,
That she triumphant claims the total plan,
And, with fresh pride, adopts the work of man.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; at the
Leasowes.

By Mr GRAVES.

Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus. Hor.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from restraint set free,

Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
The hall, the rout, the play-house, and the court:
Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peerefs, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind fate restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected naked charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms;
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
Some templar gay begins his wild career.
From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprise;
Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigued, not satisfied, to town.
Yet if some kinder Genius point his way
To where the Muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,
Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,
Where Art assumes the sweets of Nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move.
Like the sage captive in Calypso's grott,
The cares, the pleasures of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

VERSES received by the Post, from a
LADY unknown, 1761.

HEALTH to the bard in Leasowes' happy
groves;

Health, and sweet converse with the Muse he loves!
The humblest votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artless line,
In numbers such as untaught nature brings;
As flow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.

But ah! what airy forms around me rise?
The russet mountain glows with richer dyes;
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And hark! an infant voice salutes my ear:
' Mortal, thy aim we know, thy task approve;
' His merit honour, and his genius love;
' For us what verdant carpets he has spread,
' Where nightly we our mystic mazes tread!
' For us, each shady grove and rural seat,
' His falling streams and flowing numbers sweet!
' Didst thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
' What tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell?
' There every fairy of our sprightly train
' Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain.
' There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
' The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
' And there with thoughts sublime we bliss the swain,
' Nor we aspire, nor he attends, in vain.
' Go, simple rhymers! bear this message true;
' The truths the fairies dictate none shall rue.
' Say to the Bard in Leasowes' happy grove,
' Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—

" Content thyself no longer that thy lays,
 " By others foster'd, lend to others praise;
 " No longer to the favouring world refuse
 " The welcome treasures of thy polish'd Muse;
 " The scatter'd blooms, that boast thy valu'd name,
 " Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame:
 " Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verse, engage
 " More solid praise than in this happiest age,
 " When sense and merit's cherish'd by the throne,
 " And each illustrious privilege their own.
 " Tho' modest be thy gentle Muse, I ween,
 " Oh, lead her blushing from the daisy'd green
 " A fit attendant on Britannia's queen."

Ye sportive elves, as faithful I relate
 Th' intrusted mandates of your fairy state,
 Visit these wilds again with nightly care;
 So shall my kine, of all the herd, repair
 In healthful plight to fill the copious pail!
 My sheep lie pent with safety in the dale:
 My poultry fear no robber in the roost,
 My linen more than common whiteness boast:
 Let order, peace, and housewifery be mine;
 Shenstone, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOLDIA.

On the discovery of an Echo at EDGBASTON.

By

HA! what art thou, whose voice unknown
 Pours on these plains its tender moan?
 Art thou the nymph in Shenstone's dale,
 Who dost with plaintive note bewail
 That he forsakes th' Aonian maids,
 To court inconstant rills and shades?

Mourn not, sweet nymphs—Alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—

Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The listening herd around him stray'd,
In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.

The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of smiles and Loves went hand in hand;
And purple pleasures strew'd the way
With sweetest flowers; and every ray
Of each fond Muse, with rapture fir'd,
The glowing thought his breast inspir'd.
The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All nature smil'd, while Shenstone sung.

So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
Ah! why dost thou repeat—"no more?"
Even now he hies to deck the grove,
'To deck the scene the Muses love;
And soon again will own their sway,
And thou resound the peerless lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

VERSES by Mr DODSLEY, on his first
arrival at the LEASOWES, 1754.

"HOW shall I fix my wandering eye? Where find
"H The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in
"The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
"O'er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,
"Some favouring power directs the happy lines

" That sketch these beauties, & swell the rising hills,
 " And scoop the dales, to Nature's finest forms,
 " Vague, undetermin'd, infinite, untaught
 " By line or compass, yet supremely fair
 So spake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
 He travers'd Damon's farm, From distant plains
 He sought his friend's abode; not had the fame
 Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear
 And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,
 Thro' lawn or thicket he purfue'd his way
 " What is it gilds the verdure of these meads
 " With hues more bright than fancy paints the
 " flowers
 " Of Paradise? What Naiad's guiding hand
 " Leads, thro' the broider'd vale, these lucid rills,
 " That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
 " Along their banks; and thro' the vocal shades,
 " Improve the music of the wood and choir
 " What pensive Dryad rais'd yon solemn grove,
 " Where minds contemplative, at close of day
 " Retiring, muse o'er Nature's various works,
 " Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy
 " What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
 " Presiding, scatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
 " In beauteous wildness, yon fair-spreading trees;
 " And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
 " And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl,
 " And those that swim the lake, sees rising round
 " More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale
 " Peneus water'd. Yes, some Sylvan god
 " Spreads wide the varied prospect; waves the
 " woods,
 " Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes;
 " While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
 " The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep

"The foaming falls, the fiercest irregular,
 "Wild, interrupted, cross'd with rocks and roots,
 "And interwoven trees; till foam abso-
 "An opening cavern all its rage entombs,
 "So vanish human glories! Such the pomp
 "Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
 "Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage
 "Of busy life, and then are heard no more!
 "Yes, 'tis enchantment all—And see the spells;
 "The powerful incantations, magic verse,
 "Inscribed on every tree, above, or under
 "Spells!—Incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!
 "Thine are the numbers! thine the wond'rous
 "work!—
 "Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
 "And lightly weigh all sorcery, but Thine.
 "No Naiad's leading step conducts the fill,
 "Nor Sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn
 "In beauteous wildness, with fair spreading trees;
 "Nor magic wand has circumscrib'd the fove.
 "'Tis thine own taste, thy genius that presides,
 "Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
 "More potent spells than they."—No more the
 "fountain,
 "For lo! his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
 "Advancing, leads him to the social dome.
 "And birds and beasts, and homelike fowl,
 "And those that with the lake, less rising round
 "More pleasing landscape than in Time's vale
 "Gleams water'd. Yes, some Sylvan god
 "Spreads wide the varied aspect; waves the
 "woods.
 "Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes;
 "While, from the congested waters pour'd,
 "The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep

To Mr R. D. on the death of Mr SHENSTONE.
*Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.*

'TIS past! my friend; the transient scene is clos'd!
 The fairy pile, th' enchanted vision, rais'd
 By Damon's magic skill, is lost in air!
 What tho' the lawns and pendant woods remain,
 Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,
 With lapse incessant echoes thro' the dale?
 Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
 The charm's dissolv'd; the Genius of the wood,
 Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.

As when from fair Lyceum, crown'd with pines,
 Or Mænalis, with leaves autumnal strew'd,
 The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
 Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.

Yet here we fondly dream'd of lasting joys:
 Here we had hop'd, from noisy throngs retir'd,
 To drink large draughts of friendship's cordial stream;
 In sweet oblivion wrapp'd, by Damon's verse,
 And social converse, many a summer's day.

Romantic wish! In vain frail mortals trace
 Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss—Whilst yet
 Th' enraptur'd fire his well-plann'd structure views,
 Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves;
 Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
 Its languid bloom the purple lilack blend,
 Or pale laburnum drop its penile chain;
 Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
 Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.

Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend, to raise
 To moral truths my groveling song! for ah!
 Too long, by lawless fancy led astray,
 Of nymphs and groves I've dream'd, and dancing
 fawns,
 Or Naiad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
 Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
 With hymns, like those by tuneful Meyrick sung—
 Or rather catch the melancholy sounds
 From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint
 The sudden gloom that damps my soul—But see!
 Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe,
 With which sad Lyttleton his Lucia mourn'd;
 And plaintive cries, My Shenstone is no more!

R. G.

VERSES written at the Gardens of WIL-
 LIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; near Brim-
 ham, 1756.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes

Angulus ridet.

Hor.

WOULD you these lov'd recesses trace,
 And view fair Nature's modest face?

See her in every field-flower bloom?

O'er every thicket shed perfume?

By verdant groves, and vocal hills,

By mossy grotts, near purling rills,

Where-e'er you turn your wondering eyes,

Behold her win without disguise.

What though no pageant trifles here,

As in the glare of courts, appear;

Tho' rarely here be heard the name

Of rank, or title, power, or fame;

Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
 A bliss more pure and unconfin'd
 Your step attends—Draw freely high,
 And meet the bard's benignant eye;
 On him no pedant forms await,
 No proud reserve shuts up his gate;
 No spleen, no party-views control
 That warm benevolence of soul,
 Which prompts the friendly generous part,
 Regardless of each venal art;
 Regardless of the world's acclaim;
 And courteous with no selfish aim.
 Draw freely high, and welcome find,
 If not the costly, yet the kind.
 Oh, he will lead you to the cells
 Where every Muse and Virtue dwells;
 Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
 Where the blue Naiads guide his floods,
 Where all the Sister Graces gay,
 That shap'd his walk's meandering way,
 Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
 Lie slumbering soft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,
 Behold them rise! and, with the train
 Of nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,
 Or o'er the flowery champaign rove,
 Join hand in hand—attentive gaze
 And mark the dance's mystic maze.

“Such is the *waving line*,” they cry,
 “For ever dear to fancy's eye!”
 “Yon stream that wanders down the dale,
 “The spiral wood, the winding vale,
 “The path which, wrought with madden hair,
 “Slow twining scales your distant air

- " With fir invested—all combine
 " To recommend the *waving line*.
 ' The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
 ' The ringlet's of Apollo's hair,
 ' The wand by Maia's offspring borne,
 ' The smooth volutes of Ammon's horn,
 ' The structure of the Cyprian dame,
 ' And each fair female's beauteous frame,
 ' Shew, to the pupils of design,
 ' The triumphs of the Waving Line.

Then gaze, and mark that union sweet,
 Where fair convex and concave meet;
 And while, quick shifting as you stray,
 The vivid scenes of fancy play;
 The lawn, of aspect smooth and mild;
 The forest ground, grotesque and wild;
 The shrub that scents the mountain gale;
 The stream rough dashing down the dale,
 From rock to rock, in eddies tost;
 The distant lake in which 'tis lost;
 Blue hills gay beaming thro' the glade;
 Lone urns that solemnize the shade;
 Sweet interchange of all that charms
 In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!
 If aught the fair confusion please,
 With lasting health, and lasting ease,
 To him who form'd the blissful bower,
 And gave thy life one tranquil hour,
 With peace and freedom—these possess,
 His temperate mind secures the rest.

But if thy soul such bliss despise,
 Avert thy dull incurious eyes;
 Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
 Improv'd by art, their power unfold;

Go try in courtly scenes to trace
 A fairer form of Nature's face:
 Go scorn Simplicity—but know
 That all our heart-felt joys below,
 That all which Virtue loves to name,
 Which art consigns to lasting fame,
 Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
 Derives its source from HER ALONE.

ARCADIO.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; in his
 sickness.

By Mr WOODHOUSE.

YE flow'ry plains, ye breezy woods,
 Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
 Ye falling streams, ye silver floods,
 Ye grottos, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
 Tho' I your charms survey;
 While he consumes in pain the night,
 In languid sighs the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,
 A thousand scents diffuse;
 Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,
 In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye flowers, your thoughtless pride,
 Recline your gaudy heads:
 And sadly drooping, side by side,
 Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland shade,
 Your lofty summits rear!

Ah why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves so fair!

For lo, the flowers, as gayly smile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And tho' I sadly 'plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, should the fates an arrow send,
And strike the fatal wound,
Who, who shall then your sweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plummy throng
Have learn'd the plaintive tale,
And some sad dirge, or mournful song,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah no! they chant a sprightly strain
To soothe an amorous mate;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But see, these little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove;
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh mock not, if, beside your stream,
You hear me too repine;
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds, the cause display,
In whispers as ye blow,
Why did your treacherous gales convey
The poison'd shafts of woe?

Did he not plant the shady bower,
 Where you so blithely meet?
 The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,
 To make your breezes sweet?

And must he leave the wood, the field,
 The dear Arcadian reign?
 Can neither verse nor virtue shield
 The guardian of the plain?
 Must he his tuneful breath resign,
 Whom all the Muses love?
 That round his brow their laurels twine,
 And all his songs approve.

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!
 Our father, king, and God,
 Who clear'st the paths of life and sense,
 Or stop'st them at thy nod.
 Blest pow'r, who calm'st the raging deep,
 His valued health restore,
 Nor let the sons of Genius weep,
 Nor let the good deplore.

But if thy boundless wisdom knows
 His longer date an ill,
 Let not my soul a wish disclose
 To contradict thy will.
 For happy, happy were the change,
 For such a god-like mind,
 To go where kindred spirits range,
 Nor leave a wish behind.

And tho' to share his pleasures here,
 Kings might their state forego:
 Yet must he feel such raptures there,
 As none can taste below.

VERSES left on a seat, the hand are
known.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee:
Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,
And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom,
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

CORYDON, a Pastoral:

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHEN-
STONE, Esq;

I.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain,
In sooth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell:
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would tinge their cell.

Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan:
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And Winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before),
 Since he that should welcome the spring
 Can greet the gay season no more.

IV.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
 And Poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd and envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equall'd his song?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

J. CUNNINGHAM.



END OF VOLUME SECOND.

AM.